

THE BOSTONIAN.

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No. 1.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

AS PERFORMED BY THE SATURDAY MORNING CLUB.

"I'll use that tongue I have. If wit flow from it, as boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted I shall do good."—*Winter's Tale*.

COPLEY HALL has again been the spirited scene of the drama, an amateur performance that in some ways eclipsed any previous attempt.

With the tragic impressions of Antigone still in our minds, memories of love, despair and tyranny are revived when we turn the pages of our Greek poets; we are sped onward by a firm, strong touch to the shifting of the scenes. Faithful Hæmon and the tyrant Creon become shadows. "The Winter's Tale," least known by many, most liked by some, is portrayed to us.

There is nothing morbid or feeble in Shakespeare's words; he speaks with a manly and healthy voice; and in this comedy there are interwoven with rare skill the contrasts of women's natures.

It was a wise choice that led the Saturday Morning Club to select this play, with a noble woman and her daughter as central figures in the tale. The King, with his deep-felt contrition and long faithfulness, wins our sympathy at last, but it is the Woman to whom we surrender our

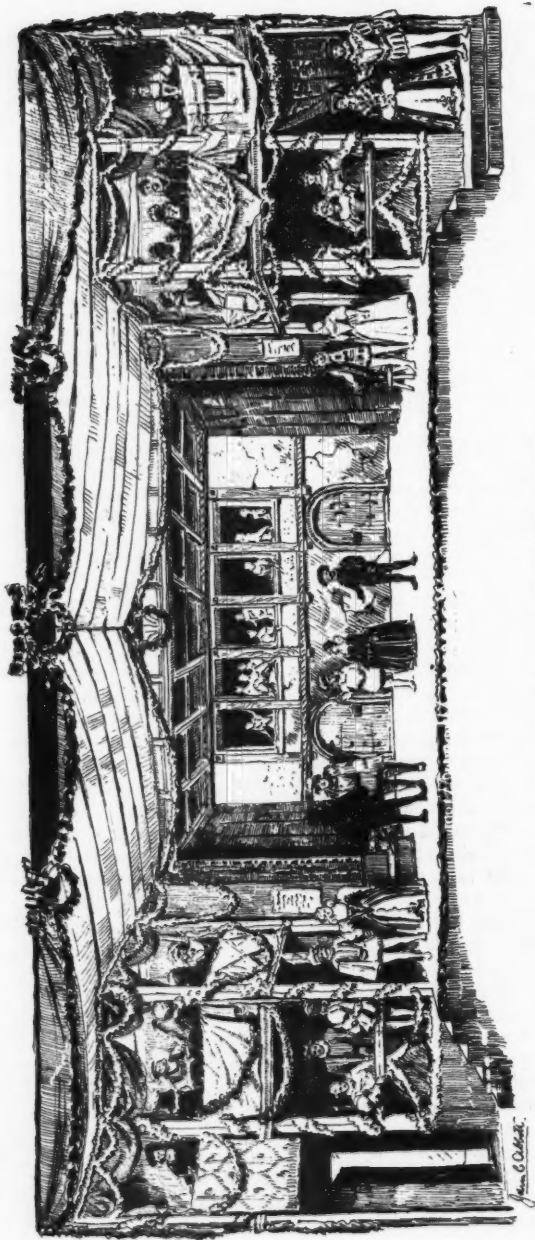
complete allegiance and devotion. How could such a play be better enacted than by women alone?

This drama was written and produced between 1610 and 1613, when its author was nearly fifty years of age. It is quite remarkable that among his latest productions, in one, "The Tempest," he clings tenaciously to the conformities of events and places, while in the other, "The Winter's Tale," he recklessly sets them at naught, in a manner that has no parallel, even in his pages.

The play was probably staged in the early part of the reign of James the first, and it is interesting to note that while it was produced in the 17th century by men alone, cultured women of the 19th century enacted these parts amid similar surroundings.

The Elizabethan Theatre was most primitive, planned as it was, like an arena, with three tiers of boxes and without roof.

In the centre or pit, bear and bull bating were indulged in, the boxes for the spectators being built sufficiently above the arena so that the beasts should not by mischance



THE WINTER'S TALE AS PLAYED BY THE
SATURDAY MORNING CLUB.

snatch an exquisite in a frenzied moment.

Later on, when acting engaged public attention, a platform or stage covered a portion of the hard trodden earth and the actors were brought nearly on a level with the audience; the earth left uncovered was still called the pit, and from here people of the humbler class would watch the performance.

A second innovation was the suspending of "heavens" over the stage—a wooden roof covering the actors, who were sometimes greatly inconvenienced by a sudden shower. This welcome addition rendered the stage so gloomy that the lookers-on murmured and resinous flambeaux were brought to enlighten the hour. The audience, now protected from the weather, and satiated to an overflow with those unequalled words of our greatest poet, looked complacently on, smoking the rank Indian weed just imported from Virginia.

The prices of admission ranged from two pence to a shilling, and the performances began at three o'clock. The stage of that period was strewn with rushes. In the back ground was a balcony or upper stage, from which parts of the dialogue were spoken, as the balcony-scene from "Romeo and Juliet;" this was sometimes curtained off as well as the stage proper, though in most theatres there was no stage curtain, and in tragic scenes the slain warrior would walk off the boards most nonchalantly.

Critics, wits and other important personages sat on the stage.

Shakespeare had no other stage decoration than rare tapestry hangings and rudely painted scenery, referred to in the documents of the time as "painted cloths," together with such bits of portable property as came under the head of "colored forms."

For this performance, Copley Hall was converted with extraordinary

ingenuity and decorative instinct into an Elizabethan theatre, though the decorative element was necessarily held in leash by classic tradition. Mr. John C. Abbott, who had charge of this work, was most successful in the result attained. In the back ground was the enclosed gallery, built of wood and plaster, whose doors connected with the tiring rooms of the players.

The sides of the stage were hung in green; splendid tapestries adding greatly to the picturesque effect of several scenes. The sea and coast of Bohemia, if a little out of keeping with the crudely painted canvasses of Shakespeare's day, was a most vivid and realistic illusion of a tempest on land and sea.

The contrast of this scene was found in that of the shepherd's home, of which the back ground was a valuable tapestry, loaned by Mrs. S. D. Warren. The bits of property scenery used with this tapestry were so in harmony with the dignified repose of its rich coloring that they endowed the stage with the poetic composure demanded by the text; a scene in comparison with some of our present wildly impressionistic stage settings that was characteristic of the restraint and poise of the whole undertaking. And of this we would say the simplicity of the means producing the effect was no less marvellous than the effect produced.

Bear in mind, gentle reader, that in all these scenes the soft green arras hangings, and the heavy panelled oak ceiling remained the same; that the space where all the effect of change of scene was produced was twelve feet high by eighteen feet wide. Here, by lowering a tapestry which closed two-thirds of the opening, one found oneself in Leontes' palace. By blocking the remaining third with a three winged screen, painted to represent a mulioned window, one had the queen's apartments.



ANTIGONUS.

Of course the necessary furniture was placed upon or removed from the stage as the scene required. Tapestry and window were both hidden by a crudely painted cloth representing the prison that was lowered from an opening in the panelled ceiling. The prison in its turn was hoisted to display another cloth representing the seacoast and the storm. Here the lights thrown on the back of the scene produced a most lurid and weird effect.

The roar of the thunder and the flashing of the lightning vied with each other in maintaining the devotion of the 19th century to realism.

Perhaps the most impressive of all was the trial scene. According to the text this was a court of justice, and in deference to the usage of the early 17th century it was enacted upon the theatre stage with no further adornments than a small platform with steps, upon which three chairs of state were placed for the king and the two judges. The background was of wood and plaster, with its two doors leading to the dressing rooms, and its balcony or gallery over these doors, where those of the actors who could find no place on the stage represented the onlooker in "Hamlet," or where "Juliet"

gazed upon the silent night and where, in "The Winter's Tale," a masked lady of high station, with a party of her gallant friends, watched the trial of the queen. On either side of the proscenium were two boxes. One of the upper ones was given to the Beacon Orchestral Club of ladies, gowned in the quaint costumes of musicians of the early 17th century, with round topped hats and full robes, over white ruffled sleeves. They made a charming picture in the richly-hung stall and played sweet ditties, stately minuets and patriotic airs with a true musical understanding of the period in which they were masquerading.

The other boxes were crowded with groups of dames and gallants, lending a jewel-like aspect to the scene, making a tangle of gay colors like a bed of rare exotics. Before the play graceful pages brought in armsfull of rushes which they strew plentifully in the boxes, and afterwards, queer little three legged stools for the people of high degree, from which they might watch and applaud their favorite actors.

During the brief intermission, made even shorter by this play out side a play, these gay lords in doublet and hose and "faire ladies" exchanged courteous greetings, discreetly coquetted, and eat sweetmeats peddled by the dainty orange girl, who archly distributed her fruits among the audience on the stage.

A hot fencing contest between two rash cavaliers was timely interrupted by a dignified lord just about as a tragic climax seemed imminent.

The exchange of brilliant répattees, less crude than in the historic theatre, criticisms, striking poses, coquettish side-glances, and reckless encounters continued until the play began.

Among the actors of the little *entr'act* who for their beauty, stateliness of bearing and gorgeous costumes constantly attracted attention were

Mrs. A. P. Denny, Mrs. Desmond Fitzgerald, Miss Blanche Shimmin, Mrs. W. F. Apthorp, Mrs. Fred Brooks, Miss Florence Howard, Miss E. Fiske, Miss Lily Davis, Miss Marion Crafts, Miss Elinor Curtis, Miss Alice Lovering, Miss Pendern,



A PAGE.

Miss Lucy Codman, Miss L. W. Codman, Miss Crowninshield, Miss Marion Mason, Miss M. T. Spooner, Miss Dana, Mrs. T. T. Bradley, Mrs. T. S. Watson, Miss Gertrude Rice, Miss Forbush, Miss Talbot, Miss Stackpole, Miss Edith Rotch, Miss Edith Luce, the Misses Chadwick, Miss Marion Jeffries, Mrs. Russell S. Codman, Miss Louise



ONE OF THE QUEEN'S LADIES.



CLOWNE.

Brooks, Miss Rosamond Blanchard, Miss Eleanor Myer, and Miss Charlotte Cochrane.

It was Miss Rotch and Miss Codman who did the fencing in a truly manly and antagonistic spirit, and the unwearied Miss Shimmin, who did so much to assure the success of the play, with her arduous duties as chairman of the committee on stage decoration.

In the large audiences of nearly

four thousand that gathered to the four matinee performances were represented the highest literary, artistic and social elements of Boston and its aristocratic suburbs. Not a manly figure was visible in the theatre, though every head was uncovered, in due respect to a delightful masculine custom. The auditorium and audience were of modern type though each spectator was admitted by a ticket bearing two Elizabethan shil-

lings in silver relief, against a back ground of rich color.

There were no footlights and the glare of electric lights overhead was softened by mellow-tinted draperies.

In speaking of the audience a word of praise is due to the general-like skill with which Miss Gray managed the corps of ushers who seated the seven hundred spectators, to the infinite comfort of each and every person, a skill that was most happily recognized.

The straight-hanging folds of the curtains parted and down the centre of the stage came two brave young trumpeters, blowing a strong, clear blast to announce the opening of the play. Swaying on each side of the stage were posters with red and black lettering, on *écru* tinted parchment:

IN

COPLEY HALL,

Within the citie of Boston on Monday, the 18th daye of February, againe on Tuesday, the 19th daye of February; and yet againe on Wednesday, the 20th daye of February; and finally on Thursday, the 21st daye of February, *Anno Domini* 1895, will be acted by a companie of Players selected out of the Band of Fellowship ycleped

The

Saturday Morning Club,

Assisted by sundrie Ladies gratis for their own diversion and that of the publicke, after the manner of Shakespeare, his time, the Comidie called

"The Winter's Tale,"

written by William Shakespeare.

The Playe, "howe Lyontes, the king of Cicillia, was overcome with jealousie of his wife, with the kinge of Bohemia, his friend, that came to see him and how contrived his death, and would have had his cup-bearer to have poisoned, who gave the King of Bohemia warning thereof and fled with him to Bohemia. Remember also howe he sent to the Orakel of Apollo and the answer of Apollo

that he was guiltless and the king was jealousie and howe except the child was found again that the kinge should die without issue for the child into Bohemia and there laid in a forest and brought up by a sheppard and the king of Bohemia his sonn, married that wench and howe they fled in Cicillia to Leontes, and the sheppard having showed the letter of the nobleman by whom Leontes sent that child and the jewels found about her. She was known to be Leontes daughter, and was then sixteen years old. Remember also Rogue that came in all tattered-like—*coll pixci*—and howe he feyned him sicke and to have bin robbed of all that he had, and how he cozened the poor man of all his money, and after cum to Shop Sher with a pedlar's packe, and ther cozened them again of all ther money. And howe he changed apparell with the king of Bohemia his sonn, and then howe he turned Courtiar, &c beware of trustinge feyned beggars or fawning fellouse." Extract from diary of one Dr. Simon Forman, on seeing the acting of "The Winters Tale," at the Glob 1611, the 15 of Maye."

THE NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

Leontes, King of Sicillia, Alice Robertson
Mamillus, Young Prince of Sicillia,

Caroline Gay or another child.

Camillo ..	} Four	{ Alice Cobb
Antigonus			... Adelaide Carr
Cleomines			.. Katherine Swain
Dion			Harriet Fitzgerald

Polixenes, King of Bohemia,

Eleanor Blake

Florizell, Prince of Bohemia,

Helen Colburn

Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia,

Ernestine Foster

Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdeta,

Mary Morrison

Clowne, his sonne.... Sarah Whitemore

Autolicus, a rogue..... Maynard Butler

A Mariner... .. Linda Winsor

A Gaoler..... Harriet Beckwith

Hermione, Queen to Leontes,

Caroline Burlen

Perdita, daughter to Leontes and Her-

mione..... Emily Millet

Paulina, wife to Antigonus,

Leslie Hopkinson

Emilia Louise Bumpus



LEONTES, KING OF SICILIA.

Two Ladies..... { ..Edith Wolcott
 Mopsa. } Shepherd- {Anna Gray
 Dorcas } esses { ..Gretchen Warren
 Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies,
 Officers, Guards, Servants, Shepherds and
 Shepherdesses.
 Time, as Corus Caroline Ticknor
 Scene—Sicillia and Bohemia.

Manager of Players, Franklin Haven
 Sargent; Stage and Hall decorations de-
 signed and executed by John C. Abbot;
 Book-holder, Ada Forbush; Music se-
 lected and adapted from Gibbon, Bull
 and Byrd.

Adviser, George Pierce Baker.
 Instructor, Prof. J. J. Hayes.

Doors will be opened at two and the
 performance will begin at half past two
 o'clock precisely.

Boston:—Printed for the Saturday Morning Club
 by the Allen Print, at their shop on Lincoln
 Street.

The names of the characters in
 the play were printed in the pro-
 gramme exactly as they stood in the
 first folio of 1613, but of late it has
 been the custom to print also the
 name of the first lord in attendance,
 which part was played by Elizabeth
 Robinson and that of the Messenger,
 Conelia P. Upham.

It is not the purpose of these pages
 to retell the story of the "Winter's
 Tale," with which all lovers or in fact
 all readers of Shakespeare must be
 sufficiently familiar; instead it is the
 creation or interpretation of the play
 by those who have proved themselves
 most efficient amateurs. In the com-
 pany are several whose talents and
 whose rôles are interwoven like
 gleaming strands, which never lost
 sustain the structure and vibrate
 through the whole dialogue; as bril-
 liant firmaments control by strong
 attraction each a system. Let us
 gather the texture, thread by thread,
 the weft, with its background of solid
 tracery, that throws into strong relief
 the individual figures of the leading
 parts.

It is a less arduous task for the
 cultured women in the social world
 of to-day to enact the court lady of

"Kinge Jamie's rule" than for the
 representative stage actress to portray
 such a part. The American woman
 has the happy faculty of adapting
 herself to almost any surrounding.

It was but a splendid masquerade
 in ancient costume, with the same
 gentle deportment that has marked
 the great of every period since civi-
 lization swayed the world.

Nor is my lady of to-day at a loss
 to play the shepherdess. With
 her homespun skirts and broad white
 kerchief she dons the unrestrained
 simplicity that is withheld from her
 by custom's sway, and if, as in some
 cases in this particular company, she
 has made a careful study of the peo-
 ple, she is well able to bring the
 atmosphere of the pasture and weave
 it into the background. That which
 is most unexpected is to see the
 gallant lord and the peasant's son
 or the peasant himself, in silken hose
 or woolen tights, with sword or with
 crook, produced from the same origi-
 nal, *i. e.*: my gracious lady, but
 my lady is clever and from her curl-
 ing mustacheo to her purpled shoe is
 the man, when she starts out to be.

The clown, not a court fool, but a
 country clodhopper, was one of the
 finest pieces of acting in the play;
 his father, the old shepherd, ably
 seconded him, and with flowing
 white beard and halting gait dis-
 guised the fair "my lady," and then
 Autolycus, the rogue with songs and
 disguises; one of the best comedy
 parts written by Shakespeare and
 essayed by a woman of such talent
 that difficult as was the task for a
 she to grasp and then portray this
 wily man of men, she did so well
 that the audience never saw her
 come upon the stage without giving
 her a cordial greeting. These are
 the humbler persons of the piece;
 the rest are lords and nobles.
 Antagonus, with his mission from
 the heartless king, was not alone the
 man but the brave gentleman, and
 wore his gray beard in most jaunty



FROM THE BOX PARTY.

and becoming guise. Camillo carried dignity beneath his flowing robes and even found that rarest talent, the power of making his words mean so much that one was forced to forget the voice or hand was still "my lady." A dainty little maid, concealed in the jaunty dress of the miniature lord, made a brave and aristocratic young prince; there was the graceful abandon of childhood in every word and gesture that captivated the tender heart of the gazer. Another prince with bonny demeanor and right royal heart was Florizell, heir of Bohemia, who loved truly and well his Perdita, the counterfeit shepherdess. With dashing grace he obtained his heart's desire, surmount-

ing obstacles with a hopeful trust in the gods of love and peace; a gentle in the truest interpretation of that sweet word.

His royal sire, Polixenes, was a dignified assumption of a noble character, forgiving his jealous enemy with a lofty magnanimity that finds utterance in these words, "This jealousy is for a precious creature, as she's rare must it be great; and as his person's mighty, must it be violent; and as he does conceive He is dishonor'd by a man which ever Professed to him, why, his revenges must in that be made more bitter."

Such were the men of the piece, unless indeed Paulina, with her forceful cunning, be mistaken for a



AUTOLICUS.

man; her quick gestures and abrupt address forced fixed attention, and her didactic, not to say dictatorial lines, make her easily the prototype of the new woman; with ardent adherence to justice she causes even the stubborn, jealous-blind king to kneel before her. Is it untimely to insert here a corollary that in all ages we find a parallel to the present, or that the past finds a supplement in the future? Paulina, placed side by side with the thinking woman of today, would feel no qualm at the comparison.

The violent contrast to Paulina is Perdita, at first an infant whose presence fills the hearts of all with strange forboding as she is repulsed by or taken from her natural protectors, and then the all unconscious princess, frocked as a shepherd's daughter, garlanded with Florizell's offerings, yet showing the growing woman, under the exuberance of youthful ecstasy. How lovely was this shepherdess among her rude companions in the sheep shearing scene! It is seldom that we see on the professional stage so sweet and winning a personality as greeted the blithesome maidens and irresistible shepherds, when she with gracious speech and shy hesitancy distributed her nosegays and garlands of rosemary and rue. Perdita's rue is perhaps a happy cue with which to announce Leontes, her unfatherly father whom she has, never been given an opportunity to love. A jealous man, feeding his jealousy on his own imaginations—no one less talented than Mrs. Robertson could have made this mistaken monarch appeal to even the most indulgent of audiences; but she with her royal bearing—her dramatic intensity—the nobility of her most refined conception, counterbalanced the despicable meanness of the part. Think of the king in the trial scene! His denunciation of the oracle was masterful in its dramatic strength. And this impressive act,

with the special manifesto of Apollo's power, and its terrible climax cannot be too highly commended. One wrong move, so unavoidable oftentimes by devoted students, would have shattered the delicate fashioning. Each prop supported the other. Here the passionate character of the king is at its worst and best.

A happier moment was the one in which Leontes showed his contrite and faithful heart—the statue scene where Paulina revealed Hermione to the wretched king.

There was something supernatural in the effect this scene produced. The King, in sombre robes, speaking like an Anchorite until the vision appears, when like some strain of half forgotten music, faith, trust and the old loyal love returned to make a nobler man of the contrite King, and with its coming brought the joyous union with which Shakespeare ends this his last play.

It would seem that we had now said all, and yet all remains to be said, for tis the Queen for whom the play was written, and the grave and solemn words of Shakespeare have never found a sweeter or serener spirit to interpret them than Mrs. Burlen, as Hermione, a character with perfect equilibrium.

Shakespeare is always mystically significant in each and all his creations. We must probe deep often times for the real meaning hidden beneath a veneer of polished speech.

Hermione is without guile. A wrongly maligned woman, of noble birth. "A great King was my father," she says in the pathetic trial scene, as she stands superior to the accusations heaped upon her, though in truth her heart is well nigh broken.

The opening act, in which the Queen figures as a happy mother, is a scene of domestic bliss that might find its original in the early classics; the "drop of bitters in the cup" is the King's unfounded jealousy, which



HERMIONE, QUEEN TO LEONTES AND MAMILLUS,
YOUNG PRINCE OF SICILLIA.

unseen by the Queen, does not loose its self until the second act.

This scene had a most beautiful prelude. A harp was heard, accompanying a voice that sang with simple fervor, a ballad which thrilled one with its minor plaintiveness. The curtains parted showing the Queen's boudoir. In the embrasure of an emblazoned window, were grouped her attendants, each one with a personality dear to many in the audience, and all resplendent as befitted the ladies of Hermione's Court. Near at hand the singer, Mrs. Stoddard, and the harpist, Miss Shaw, formed another group. In the fore ground was the Queen and the young Prince. What a subtle power music has; the harpist lovingly fingered the strings of her harp, and the heart strings of all responded to those vibrations, while the Queen and her little son played one of those perfect scenes where art is so contained it seemed but spontaneous nature.

In Paulina's home, where Leontes, Polixines, Perdita, and her love were grouped, was depicted the most poetic scene of all. Hermione stands between the parted curtains a model of statuesque beauty. The ideality and repose of the Queen was almost unearthly; a personation that lingers in our memory like a chord of mystic music.

This strange play is "split in twain" by a lapse of sixteen years, to cover which Time is brought forward in his leaden-hued robes, with ruthless scythe and hour glass, whose sand relentlessly drops grain by grain, prophesying with warning sound the lines:

I turn my glass; and give my scene
Such growing as you had slept between.

* * * *

If you have spent Time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may!

We conclude the brief retrospect of the play and players with these words. A performance not without

imperfections, yet as performances of this day go well on to being perfect. With more time to study and with an audience less in a hurry to hear the last word, greater power could be manifested by those who strut their little hour and then forget that they were for the moment actors. Many long and tedious weeks of study of the several parts had engrossed the actors, under the learned supervision of Mr. Franklin Haven Sargent, of New York, and Prof. J. J. Hayes, of Cambridge, both great authorities in their special lines.

To enhance the beauty of the production were magnificent costumes, most tastefully designed by Mrs. Edward Glover Niles, from old pictures and drawings, together with description of the Elizabethan period. The sheeny splendor of satin brocades, glittering jewels, sweeping plumes, glistening swords were in direct contrast with the sprightly shepherdesses, who seemed to have wandered in from the rural England of Shakespeare's own time.

Such was the performance, but we have to look beyond the stage to find the motive power that held the various factions together. Promptly replacing those who for one reason or another were forced to drop out of the cast; encouraging others who quailed before the seemingly impossible weight of their roles, and working day after day on every branch of the undertaking, until she left on it the stamp of her energetic intelligence and indomitable perseverance; I mean Miss Ellen M. Tower, the president of the club.

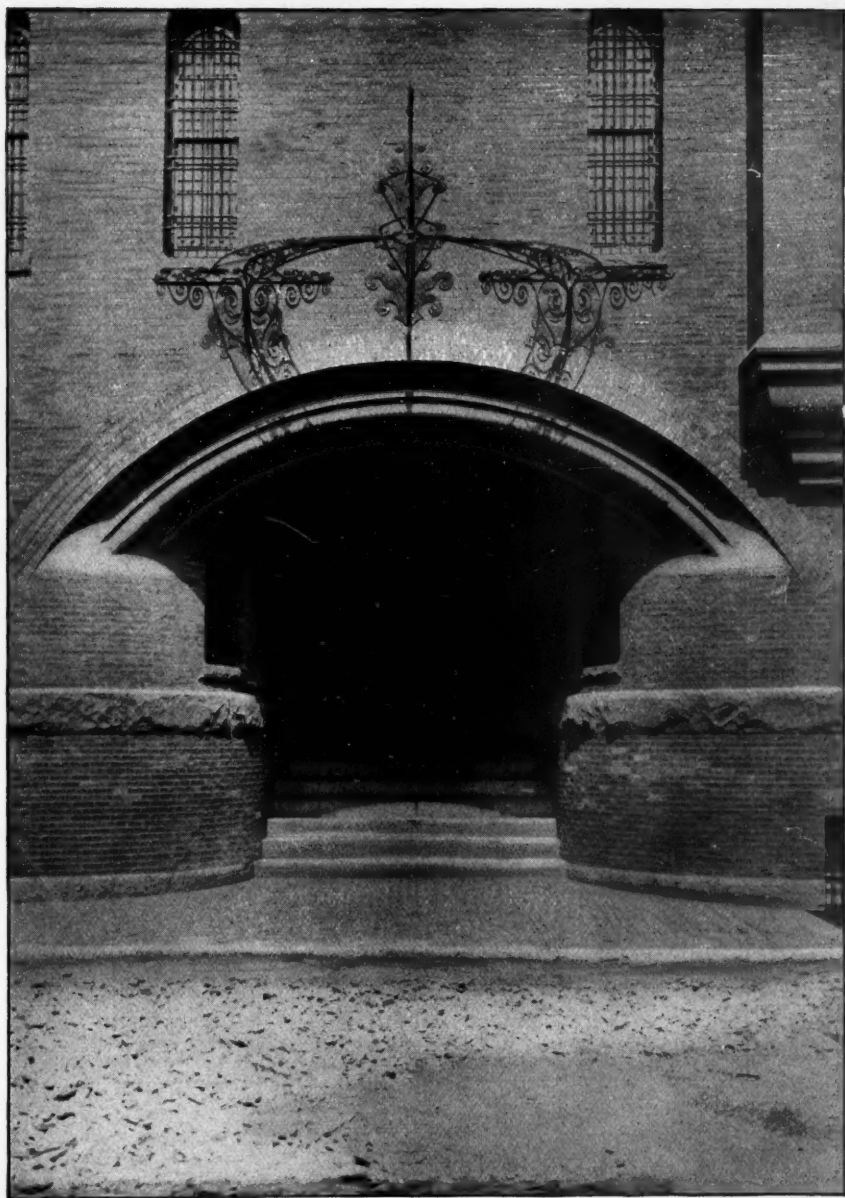
The Saturday Morning Club, whose members presented the play we have just considered, was founded twenty years ago by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, for the training and education of her daughter Maud (Mrs. John Eliot), and for her friends. During these twenty years, many women of intelligence and refinement have been connected with this Club, and it is from

the personalities of these members that the fair fame and renown of the Club has grown. Some are authors, some artists, and some of that race of public benefactors known as philanthropists, while many have been women of social prominence. The Club is a private social organization

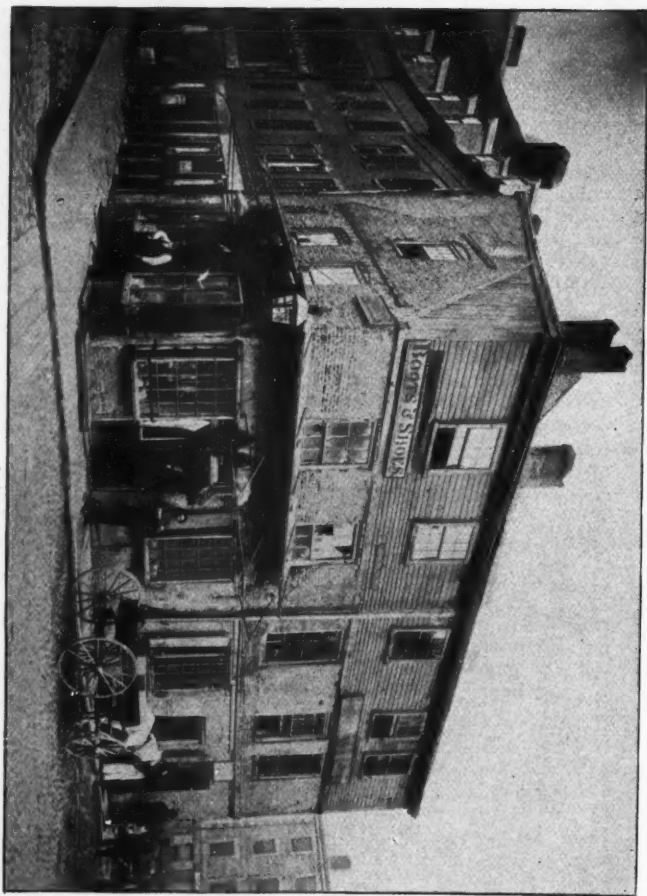
content to further women's best interest in its own quiet way, shunning, rather than courting, public recognition ; and yet the sign of a true public spirit living in the hearts of our mothers, sisters and daughters.

Mabel C. Pelletier.





IRVINGTON STREET ENTRANCE TO THE SOUTH ARMORY.



THE 'KING'S HEAD' TAVERN, FLEET STREET.

SOME OF THE OLD INNS AND TAVERNS OF BOSTON.

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?"—*Falstaff.*

THERE is no more interesting reading than that which relates to the social habits of our ancestors prior to, during and immediately after the revolutionary period. At the breaking out of the war of independence there were no clubs in existence according to the modern notion of the institution; the old inn or tavern was looked upon as it was in England in the time of Shakespeare and Jonson as a necessary rendezvous for the purposes of chat and for imparting information. The tavern of their day in England was distinguished by a bush or tuft of ivy at its door, a custom which particularly prevailed in the time of Queen Elizabeth. In the epilogue to "As You Like It," Shakespeare alludes to this practice; "If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes." The custom of hanging out a bush at the door of a tavern dates from the Middle Ages, and to this day is retained in some parts of England, although generally fallen into disuse, having been supplanted by the tavern sign.

The word inn is mentioned only four times in the Scriptures, twice in Genesis and twice in Luke. In the Old Testament it may be found in the stories of Joseph and Moses and both its uses relate to the sojourn of these patriarchs in the land of Egypt. The word as recorded by Luke, refers first to the birth of our Lord, when his mother wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger "because there was no room for them in the inn." The second use of the word is in the parable of the good Samaritan who, when he

found the wounded traveller, set him on his own beast and brought him to an inn and took care of him.

We are told that the inn of Genesis was originally only a plot of ground near a spring or well, and sometimes secured by a wall or fence, allotted as a camping ground for the use of travellers, or as we should say in these modern times, a lodging place for "man and beast." In later times some wealthy benefactor would raise the wall, build a few arches, unite them to the wall by a roof, close them with doors, and separate them by partitions, thus providing a separate room for each party while the cattle were littering in the central open space, or in sheds abutting on the outside wall or in natural caves around it. This conforms to our idea of the modern Khan or Caravansary, and such, it is thought, was the "inn" at Bethlehem.

The German writer, Becker, from whom we have derived the best account of the manners and customs of the Romans, says the ancients were quite unused to the frequent arrival and departure of large numbers of strangers and when they did travel, had everywhere (especially if Roman citizens) private connections enough to be relieved from the necessity of stopping at an inn. Establishments of this nature were of an exceedingly low scale and served only as public houses for the lower classes to whom a friend's house was not always open as to the higher classes who travelled in their own vehicles. The Roman of wealth and distinction did not spend his evenings at places of public entertainment as we do, for there were no concerts or clubs wherein he could

loiter and he would never dream of lounging about in cook-shops or wine taverns, which were places of little estimation in the eyes of the better classes. What has been learned of the Roman inns is not particularly creditable.

We meet in English history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a truer version of inn or tavern than is given by writers of an earlier date, although the "wine-hous" or tavern is said to have existed as early at least as the days of the Saxons. From then until now, when the old English inn has almost ceased to exist, the tavern as it became more modernized, reflected the manners, tastes, customs and recreations of the passing centuries.

Bishop Earle, who wrote at the beginning of the seventeenth century, described a tavern as a place where men are drunk with more credit and apology than in an ale-house; but Harrison, the ancient historian has left us a better account. He says as soon as a passenger arrived at an inn, the servants ran to him, one taking his horse, walking it about until the right state of perspiration had been reached, another showed him to his room and kindled the fire, another pulled off his boots and cleaned them, then the host or hostess visited him and if he ate with the host at the common table his meals cost him six-pence; but if he ate in his room and ordered what meat he would, the kitchen was open to him and he ordered the meat to be cooked as he liked best and he might, with credit, set by a part of his dinner for the next day's breakfast. This description comports more with the general idea we have of an old English inn than the Bishop's remark which we have quoted. The English inn has ever been considered as combining much of the comfort of an English home and its luxuries without the care of providing. The master or taverner was usually a person of sub-

stance, often of ready wit and cheerful manners to render his public home attractive. The tavern was a good study of the manners and tastes of the age, and in days when travelling was more rare and dangerous than in later times the traveller from a more populous district was oftentimes the only means of communication with the outer world.

There are no taverns left in Boston as they were known to our ancestors. Dr. Dwight who travelled extensively throughout New England said; "You found in the best old fashioned New England inns the pleasures of an excellent private house. If you were sick you were nursed and befriended as in your own family. To finish the story your bills were always equitable, calculated upon what you ought to pay and not upon the scheme of getting the most which extortion might think proper to demand."

As far back as 1634 when the price of labor and almost everything else was regulated in Boston, six-pence was the legal charge for a meal and a penny for an ale quart of beer at an inn, and if a greater charge were made, the landlord was liable to a fine of ten shillings. This was about the time when Captain Samuel Cole received a tavern license, the first issued in New England, according to Winthrop, and it had no other name than "Cole's Inn." It was said to be on Merchants Row, midway between State Street and the site of Fanueil Hall; but a copy of an old deed discovered in a later year gives every reason to suppose that his tavern stood the next door northerly to where the "Old Corner" book store now is at the junction of School and Washington Streets.

One William Hudson, a baker, kept an ordinary in 1640 and got to be quite well off for those days, for he not only owned a warehouse, but a brewery on Kilby Street. He was succeeded by his son William who lived on State Street on the corner of

Kilby Street where the New England Bank formerly stood and upon the site of the "Bunch of Grapes," the most notable tavern in its day of any in the whole colonies, to the door of which the tide nearly flowed.

In 1647, the applications for tavern licenses became so numerous that the General Court passed a law that the County Courts should be empowered to grant them, "that this body may not be hindred in their more weighty affairs." When King Phillip's war broke out the taverns in Boston had become so numerous that Cotton Mather said every other house was one, and drinking and smoking in houses of entertainment were carried to great excess. In those early days the use of tobacco was looked upon as far more injurious than drinking, so much so that it was regulated by statute, the words of which are: "Nor shall any one take tobacco in any wine or common victual house, except in a private room there, so as the master of said house or any guest there shall not take offense thereat." The penalty for disobedience was two shillings and sixpence for each offence.

In 1683 there were many ordinaries in Boston, a term for inn or tavern which appears in the early writers before the days of the Puritans. Shakespeare speaks of them; so does Decker. A curious old poem, the title of which has been lost, speaks of the following inns in London as ordinaries, viz: "The Salutation" at Billingsgate, "The Boar's Head," near London Stone, "The Mitre," in Chepe, "The Mermaid," in Cornhill.

The "King's Arms" was a noted tavern as far back as 1650, owned and kept by one Hugh Gunnison, a member of the church. He was licensed to sell beer only but at the next session of the Court he humbly prayed that he might have leave to draw the wine which was spent in his house, in the room of having his

customers get it elsewhere and then come into his place worse for liquor. He asked this favor in order that God be not dishonored nor His people grieved. This noted tavern was where the General Court used to dine. The guest rooms had each a name after the fashion of English ordinaries, such as the "Lion," the "London," the "Star," instances of which are to be found in the plays of Shadwell, Goldsmith and O'Keefe.

"The Castle" tavern stood at the upper corner of Elm Street and Dock Square as early as 1656, where the principal business of the town was carried on; being near to the water vessels could unload to advantage and passengers and crews could more easily be provided with meat and drink.

Where the Merchants' Bank now stands on State Street, was the site of the "Royal Exchange" tavern. Here assembled the best company of the town and it was within its walls that the affray occurred between Woodbridge and Phillips, two young bloods of Boston who fought a duel on Boston Common near the "Big Elm" in the evening, after a dispute at cards, when Woodbridge was killed. Phillips was hurried on board a British vessel by Peter Faneuil and escaped to the West Indies, where he miserably perished, ever having before him, as it is said, the sight of his murdered friend.

The famous "Anchor" tavern, otherwise known as the "Blew Anchor," also was known most favorably for the committees of the General Court were its patrons. Robert Turner kept it in 1664, who was succeeded in 1686 by George Monk. John Dunton, a London book-seller, the same who was lampooned so severely by Pope in the Dunciad, came over to Boston and made his home at the "Blew Anchor," which was on Cornhill, now a part of Washington Street, and its site is

where the Boston Globe building now stands. He described mine host as a person so remarkable that "had I not been acquainted with him it would be a hard matter to make any New England man believe that I had been in Boston, for there was no other house in the town where there was better accommodation. Besides he was a brisk and jolly man and the life and spirit of his guests." The General Court in 1769 dined at this tavern when there were charged 204 dinners, 72 bottles of Madeira, 28 of Lisbon, 10 of Claret, 17 of Port, 18 of Porter and 50 double bowls of punch holding 25 gallons, besides cider. They were potent drinkers in those days, but they stood up to it like knights of old who had received a crack on the skull which harmed them not.

There were three "Sun" taverns in Boston at the same time, the most noted being that on the corner of Dock Square and the old Corn market. It dates back to 1690 and was one of the last survivors of the earlier landmarks of the town. It was originally a residence, then a tavern, afterwards a grocery and finally a market. Probably not one of the early houses of the town of Boston had such a varied career as this old building, which was by half a century older than Faneuil Hall, from the spire of which Shem Drowne's grasshopper looked down upon it for many years. After it had passed through the hands of Thomas Phillips and Samuel Mears (1724) it was managed by Paix Cazneau, a Huguenot from Rochelle, who made the "Sun" the most attractive place for the young men about town, not only by the good cheer which he dispensed, but by the beauty of his two daughters, Susannah and Elizabeth. The first named became the wife of Col. William Paulfrey of Revolutionary fame, and grandfather of John G. Palfrey, the historian. Elizabeth married John Fleet, the celebrated printer.

The "Sun" was a great place for club meetings of the convivial sort held in those days, where the whole business seemed to be to read the records and consume the evening in potent drafts. It was the custom in olden times to hold these club meetings at the full of the moon, and it is on the records of Trinity Church, that the business meetings of the wardens and vestry of that church should be held at the full of the moon, that period being undoubtedly selected that those ancient Christians might more easily find their way home. During the siege of Boston the British took possession of the "Sun" tavern and changed its name to the "King's Arms," but on their evacuation of the town the old name was restored.

There was an inn in Corn Court which many have supposed to have been the one kept by Samuel Cole in 1634. If it were "Cole's Inn" it is where Gov. Sir Henry Vane entertained the Indian chief Miantonomah, sachem of the Narragansetts in 1636, and his staff of twenty warriors. Here too Lord Leigh preferred to stay rather than visit Gov. Winthrop, giving as a reason that he did not want to be troublesome to any, and Cole's house was so well governed that he could be as private there as elsewhere. This tavern took the name of the "Hancock House" when John Hancock was elected the first Governor of Massachusetts, in 1780. The landlord was then John Duggan, a firm friend of Gov. Hancock, under whom he held a commission of some sort, and on public occasions wore a sword and sash presented to him by the Governor. On the death of John Hancock, in 1793, his portrait, which was used as a swinging sign was draped in black.

This old tavern has a curious history dating back at least one hundred years. It was a favorite resort for foreigners, especially the French. Talleyrand was a guest here in 1794,

and that estimable man, John Cheverus, the French priest, who came to this country to escape the horrors of the French Revolution to become the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Boston, lived here in 1796. The following year a more distinguished exile lodged here, Louis Phillipe, afterwards king of the French; it was in this old inn that he gave lessons in the French language while awaiting his remittances from home. Both Talleyrand and Louis Phillipe used to visit the office of the *Columbian Centinel* in State Street, to look over the files of the *Moniteur* for the latest news from France. Talleyrand gave to the editor, Major Ben Russell, a gold snuff box, and M. d'Orleans, as Louis Phillipe was called, an atlas, a very rare thing in those days, in appreciation of the editorial courtesies they had received. The landlords of this old tavern used to point with pride to the bedstead in which M. d'Orleans slept—to the nail on which Washington once hung his surtout and chapeau when he dined in the front parlor, and to the corner where Franklin used to place his umbrella and to the table at which he sat when taking his coffee and reading the latest Boston paper.

In the war of 1812, this inn was a favorite resort for army and navy officers and was kept by a grand-niece of Lt.-Gov. Spencer Phips, who married for her second husband William Brazier, and the house was known for many years as the "Brazier House."

The "Ship" tavern on the corner of Clark and Ann Streets was kept in 1666 by John Viall, who came to Boston in 1639. He was by trade a weaver, but branched off into inn-keeping, having acquired a reputation in that line as a previous landlord of the "Noah's Ark," at the north end of the town. Sir Robert Carr passed the winter of 1666-67 in Boston, and lodged with Mr. Thomas Kellond who lived opposite The

"Ship." The tavern was the favorite of the King's Commissioners who were Col. Richard Nichols Turrene, Sir Robert Carr, Col. George Cartwright and Mr. Samuel Maverick, of Noddles Island. These commissioners were to hear and determine all sorts of complaints and to settle the peace and security of the country, on account of which trouble grew up between them and the authorities of Boston. There was a law forbidding people to be found in taverns of a Saturday night, as it was considered to be an intrusion on the Sabbath, which began at six o'clock of the day before. It appears that Richard Bennett, a constable, complained that Carr had assailed, beaten and wounded him in an atrocious manner, and to his bodily peril. The magistrate, John Leverett, instead of sending a force to arrest Carr, wrote him a letter, in which he said that a complaint had been made against him and his servant, Thomas Dean, for their "riotous and abusive carriage" against his Majesty's officer, Richard Bennett, and asked him to call upon the writer and settle. Carr wrote back to Leverett that he wouldn't come. Leverett then issued a summons to Carr and Dean to hurry up, to which Carr sent an insulting message and threatened Leverett with a challenge if he did not leave him and his servant alone, etc. Carr saw the officer coming and locked the door, and the constable read the summons from the outside of the house. The matter grew so important that it was reported to Gov. Bellingham, who called a council at Charlestown to consider the case, which was put into the hands of a spirited officer, Arthur Mason, who found Carr at Mr. Kellond's. Carr said he beat the officer and would do it again, "and do you dare meddle with the King's Commissioners?" "Yes," said Mason, "and if the King himself had been there, had I been the

officer, I would have carried him away." Whereupon Maverick cried out, "Treason! treason! Mason, you shall be hanged within a twelve month!" The next day Maverick charged Mason with High Treason, who was held for trial with sureties for £500, but Bellingham admonished Mason in a most solemn manner and the affair ended. Carr got off scot free, the only injury done being to the poor constable, Bennett, who did not get enough out of it to plaster up his wounds.

There were in this old town a number of smaller taverns of credit, one hundred and fifty to two hundred years ago, such as the "Cromwell's Head" on School Street, the "Red Lion" on North Street, the "King's Head" on Fleet Street, the "Castle," on the corner of Mackril Lane (now Kilby Street) and Crab Alley; the "Admiral Vernon" kept in Revolutionary days by Mrs. Mary Bean; the "American Coffee House" on King (now State) Street, where the Massachusetts Bank formerly stood; the "Golden Fleece" was on King Street in 1740, which was made into a store in 1769, and kept by one Ebenezer Lowell. In 1673 there was a "Swan" tavern at the North end near Scarlett's wharf, and another at the South end; also there was a noted inn near the Common kept by a Mrs. Glover. Where Hayward Place is now there was another noted inn called the "White Horse," and 396 Washington Street was the well known "Lamb Tavern," the sign of which is mentioned as early as 1746. In later days, it was kept by Laban Adams, father of our esteemed fellow citizen William T. Adams, of Dorchester, the well known educator of youth, and the Oliver Optic, not only of the boys and girls of the present day, but of their parents of the preceding generation.

A noted tavern at the beginning of the present century was the "Indian Queen" on Bromfield Street, which

for many years bore the sign of an *Indian Queen*. In the days of stages it was a noted stage-tavern, kept by one Isaac Trask, and after by his widow, Nabby, till 1816, after which it was called the "Bromfield House," one of the landlords of which was Simeon Boyden, father of Dwight Boyden, the first landlord of the "Tremont House," and of Frederick Boyden, one of the early landlords of the "Astor House," New York. Subsequently the "Bromfield House" was kept by Preston Shepard (1823), later of the "Pearl Street House," who was followed by the Crocketts, father and son.

The Roebuck tavern was near North Market Street, and was the resort principally of sailors; here it was, that in 1817, Henry Phillips killed Gaspard Denegri, for which he suffered death upon the gallows on the Neck. Not one of the immense crowd which gathered there supposed Phillips would be hanged, for at most it was a clear case of manslaughter, and all expected a reprieve. These two sailors got into an argument while the landlord was preparing some flip of beer, spirits and sugar. Phillips suddenly seized the heated logger-head with which the beverage was being made, and with one blow killed the Italian. When the hour of execution approached, and all hope of a reprieve vanished, Phillips sang in a loud, clear voice, one of the fine old hymns of our ancestors, and in a moment was launched into eternity.

But the old taverns are now things of the past, save one, the Bell-in-Hand, which is in the alley back of the *Boston Herald* building, and was formerly in Congress Square, kept by James Wilson, the town crier. This is a particular resort of the old Scotch and English gardeners who meet to talk over the events in their line of life, and to enjoy a mug of ale and a quiet pipe. If one will walk quietly into the Bell-in-

Hand to-day, he will probably get as good an idea of an ordinary inn or of old colony times, as if he had sat there over two hundred years ago, in cocked hat and knee breeches. Applying to the Bell-in-Hand the words of another, there is perhaps no better illustration of the old English inn, such as described by Dickens, and such as travellers may still see in parts of London and in the provincial towns of England, than in this relic of the past. Had the present day frequenters of the Bell-in-Hand, wigs and three cornered hats upon their heads, they might be thought to be discussing the Boston Massacre or the destruction of the tea. What a deal of enjoyment the wearers of the cocked hats must have got out of life, and what a power they were for their country's good!

The first house to be conducted on temperance principles was built on Washington Street, just north of Bromfield Street in 1836, where the Archway book store is. It was opened on July 4, 1837, by Nathaniel Rogers, and the following is one of the printed regulations of the house and was on the parlor wall. It would have been distasteful even to an old Puritan. "Family worship to be attended every morning and evening. No intoxicating liquor to be sold or used in the house; smoking of cigars not allowed on any part of the premises; no money to be received at the office on the Sabbath; nor will any company be received on that day, except in cases of necessity. Cold and warm baths are provided here for the accommodation of boarders and a vegetable diet for those who prefer it. The best efforts are promised by the landlord to furnish the table with the products of free labor." The Marlborough hotel was not a money making affair, but lingered on in a very precarious condition, until it gave way eventually to the march of improvement.

No complete account of the old

taverns of Boston can be made; but the best is that written by Samuel Adams Drake, called "Old Boston Town." From the year 1630 to 1636 the names and occupations of 683 inhabitants of the town of Boston have been ascertained. Of this number eight were innkeepers; after the last mentioned period of 1656, taverns began to multiply so fast that doubtless many rose in splendor and set in misfortune, of which no account remains to us. But any account of the old taverns must be meagre which does not include some description of the "Bunch of Grapes" and the old "Green Dragon" tavern in Union Street, which dates as far back as 1697, when John Cary was licensed to keep it.

Antedating by many years the Revolutionary period, and having had for its hosts the very best of entertainers, the "Bunch of Grapes" in 1775 fell into the hands of John Marston, a Son of Liberty. Naturally his house became the resort of those hot-headed Bostonians, who, although they owed allegiance to King George, were stirring up the embers of rebellion into a fire which set the world ablaze and put thoughts of liberty and freedom into the minds of men, of which before they had not even dreamed. John Marston was one of that glorious band of fifteen Bostonians, for whom in 1768, Paul Revere made his famous silver punch-bowl to commemorate the staunch position of the legislature of Massachusetts Bay in not rescinding a vote, which King George had commanded to be done.

In this old tavern the first Grand Lodge of Masons in America was organized on July 30, 1733, by Henry Price. Here General Washington was entertained and Gen. John Stark and in 1780, and here Lafayette, the friend of Washington, was entertained with all the honors.

In 1734, the old "Green Dragon" was kept by Joseph Kidder, who

previously had kept "The Three Cranes" in Charlestown. In 1764 it was called "The Freemasons Arms," but only for a short time, and until its demolition, about 1854, it continued to be called the "Old Green Dragon." Daniel Webster styled it "the headquarters of the Revolution," for it was here that all the preliminary measures were matured for the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor, on the evening of December 16, 1773, by the Sons of Liberty, under the leadership of Joseph Warren, Paul Revere and other patriotic spirits.

The leading members of the North End Caucus were Samuel Adams, Dr. Joseph Warren, Paul Revere, Perez Morton and James Swan, of whom three at least were personally engaged in the destruction of the tea, besides others of the sixty who composed the caucus. At a meeting held at the "Green Dragon," on the evening of November 2, 1773, a committee was made to wait upon John Hancock, Esq., and desire him to meet the members there, and it was voted, "That this body are determined that the tea shipped or to be shipped shall not be landed." It is worthy of mention that in the later record of the patriotic doings of the North End Caucus, the name of John Adams appears in the list of members.

Paul Revere wrote to Dr. Jeremy Belknap, a letter which is preserved in the Mass. Historical Society's collections, that in the fall of 1774, and winter of 1775, he was one of upwards of thirty, chiefly mechanics, who formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of watching the movements of the British soldiers and gaining every intelligence of the

movements of the Tories. The meetings were held at the "Green Dragon," and this committee were sworn upon the Bible, that they would not divulge any of its transactions except to John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Joseph Warren, Benjamin Church and one or two more. It was soon found that the meetings of the committee were discovered, and that the "Green Dragon" held a traitor. The committee then met at a private house, one widow Campbell's, but still the secret meetings became known, and even the very words spoken were known to the Tories. At last the treachery of Dr. Benjamin Church was discovered. He was tried and imprisoned in a jail in Connecticut, but on account of ill health he was allowed to take ship for the West Indies and the vessel was lost with every soul on board.

Surely no other of the old taverns of Boston has such a record as this, although much interest is attached to many of them; but the war of independence would not be complete, were not the deeds done before the Revolution, which were born and grew to manhood in the old "Green Dragon" become an important part of the nation's history. And while the tea party men and other spirits of those days are quietly resting under the sod on Copp's Hill, in the Granary and King's Chapel burial grounds, let their descendants pray for the repose of the souls of those departed patriots, whose services have made conspicuous in history that old tavern of Boston, in which patriotism was born and nurtured—the "Green Dragon."

Benj. F. Stevens.

MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANICS ASSOCIATION, FOUNDED 1795.

"Be Just and Fear Not."

HOW well they builded, those men of one hundred years ago when they laid the line of advance for industries in this Commonwealth, lines which have run very direct along the century, gaining power every year, touching the public life at so many points, suggesting, strengthening and developing interests, which are vital to private and public growth, while hand in hand with industrial growth, has been fostered a tender spirit of helpfulness which has found expression in practical charities. Perhaps the spirit of charity has been the paramount touch, during all these years, for the Committee of Relief not only dispenses substantial relief but they carry to those under their care most cordial and unfailing sympathy, so that the work of the Association for a century follows along the years with a line of grand work, which has touched the Nation's life with strength, and beside the strong lives, run lives of broader, truer sympathy and devotion to individual and public interests. It is a record of which the State and Nation may well be proud, this record written in lines of beauty by the Charitable Mechanics of Massachusetts. The Committee of Relief has been chosen annually from 1813 and the members of this committee, working quietly have touched hundreds of lives with comfort and hope.

The first year of Association life presents picturesque glimpses of the early days of the Republic and the

first meeting at the Green Dragon Tavern on the first Tuesday in January, 1795 was in response to a call of the "Master Mechanics of Boston" to "consult on measures for petitioning the General Court to revise and amend the law respecting apprentices." Following this meeting came a desire for permanent organization and in March, 1795, Paul Revere who had been chairman of the previous meeting called another meeting, announcing that "the Constitution of the Associated Mechanics of the town of Boston" was ready for signing. This new organization was first called "The Associated Mechanics and Manufacturers of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

Paul Revere was the first president and grouped about him were Edward Tuckerman, vice-president, Samuel Gore, treasurer, John W. Folsom, secretary. The trustees were Richard Faxon, Edmund Hartt, Benjamin Russell, Thomas Clement, Benjamin Callender, Stephen Gore and Giles Richards. Benjamin Russell, a member of the House of Representatives and chairman of the committee having the matter in charge for the organization, was never dismayed by the opposition shown toward the matter of incorporation, but appeared at the State House year after year with the petition, until in 1806 after ten years of hard work, the determined little band were legally incorporated.

Paul Revere and Benjamin Russell were the ones who made permanent the work of Boston Mechanics, who grouped themselves so strongly in March, 1795.

The first board of government after incorporation was officered as follows: president, Jonathan Hunnewell; vice-president, Benjamin Russell; treas. Francis Wright; secretary, Thomas Wells; trustees, Samuel Todd, Charles Clement, David Cobb, James Barry, John D. Howard, John Cotton, Ephraim Thayer, Peter Osgood and Jonathan Kitham.

This Association began its career during the infancy of our Republic, when industry, prudence and homely virtues were the only reliable means to secure success in life, and well have the promises of the society been kept, developing and maintaining faithfully the plans of useful benevolence, touching the whole community for good.

The first constitution required a public festival at the annual meeting in December. These celebrations were held for seven consecutive years, the first in 1798 at the Green Dragon Tavern. In 1808 began the plan of festivals, once in three years, and in 1848 members were allowed to invite ladies to attend these festivals and wine was banished from the bill of fare.

During early days of the Revolution the Mechanics of Boston were alert and brave. From the passage of the Stamp Act to the evacuation of Boston by British troops, the Mechanics were energetic and efficient in executing projects to secure

personal freedom and political independence.

After the Revolutionary war, the Mechanics of Boston took a prominent place in the establishment of a constitutional government. In 1788 the Constitution of the United States was subjected to a long discussion in the Convention of Massachusetts. The Boston Mechanics led by Paul Revere, assisted in securing its ratification. Many of the Boston Mechanics desired an association which should raise all members to the "level of the highest, in the scale of excellence," and to labor for the advancement of the arts, to cherish and diffuse sentiments of generosity, benevolence and fraternal affection.

These were the motives which led to the formation of this institution, which has grown with the country strong, self-sustaining, wide in influence, representing sterling business integrity, advancing mercantile, industrial and artistic interests, wherever its work penetrates, until to-day this Association, organized to help a few, but modeled on plans broad and lasting, looking to the

good of future generations, stands a guardian of business interests everywhere, for its members control large and far reaching lines of activity: the membership is composed of those whose personal work and reputation have been interwoven with the history of the country and Association, until a record of Association life means a record of the growth and development of business life in America, for the honored members of this Association have been active promoters of the Nation's growth.

The presidents of the Association have been thirty-three in number from 1795 to 1895, Paul Revere

the first president serving from 1795 to 1798.

The present president, the thirty-third, is Mr. E. Noyes Whitcomb. Benjamin Russell held the longest term of office as president from 1808 to 1821.

Anniversary meetings or festivals were more a part of the regular work of the Association as the bonds of fellowship were largely social from the first and the constitution provided that they be held annually in December. The first meeting of this kind took place in 1798 and they were held every year until 1805 with Faneuil Hall as the place of meeting. After the Association was incorporated in 1806 the meetings were continued regularly, the members entertaining John Adams and John Quincy Adams, State Officers, members of Congress and others in high offices of the State and Nation.

The addresses delivered at these festivals were very valuable and have been preserved in pamphlet form, in the library of the Association which is open to members and friends.

The Association is rich in relics which have been grouped in studio number six, since the fine bit of statuary "The Dying Indian" was presented to the Association through the efforts of Mr. Augustus Lothrop. The walls of the studio are rich in treasure, bearing many valuable paintings, engravings and banners, while the tables are laden with rare books which delight the antiquarian. This room is open to the public by application at the Secretary's office, and a visit will repay any one who delights in the nation's history and loves to come in touch with personal mementoes.

The official rooms of the Association are located in the section known as Administration Hall and

these rooms contain historical curios, any one of which would carry with it a delightful historical glimpse of other days. Very prominent here is the old Franklin printing press, a heavy affair of wood and iron, which seems scarcely related even in a remote fashion to the printing press of to day. The Franklin press came from London in 1717 and through the efforts of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, an honorary member of the Association, it was presented by its owner, Mr. John B. Murray of New York, to the Mechanic Association. The frame of the press is of English oak and the wood has gathered most delightful tones of color, with the passing years. The huge "ink balls" look very strange and one can but wonder how the Franklin Brothers ever issued "The New England Courant" as they did for many years, pulling the sheets from the press one by one and hanging them up to dry, a process which is shown in a graphic manner by the bas-relief made by Mr. Richard S. Greenough, a Boston artist in Rome in 1854, where the brothers are shown at work; this bas-relief was made as a model for the panel, which occupies the front of the pedestal of the Franklin statute which was erected in 1856, occupying the space on the left of the entrance to City Hall on School Street, where the massive gray walls of King's Chapel form a background and to-day the wonderful "bird symphonies" are given every afternoon by thousands of brown feathered songsters, whose carols rise above the din of the street at this point of active commercial life.

General Lafayette visited Boston in 1824 and a very graceful autograph letter from him hangs in the office and the following response to a toast, at a dinner given in his honor by the Association is highly

prized. "The Massachusetts Mechanic Society: may the noble example of dignified patriotism and virtuous industry given to the world by the Mechanics of this City and State be forever more and more illustrated by all the blessings of public and domestic prosperity and happiness."

"Be Just and Fear Not" is the motto of the Association and it stands undimmed in beauty, as the original banner of this organization which was presented in 1843 by Samuel T. Armstrong the seventh president of the order.

More conformable in outline than the brave bird of freedom is the President's Chair, a finely designed work, which was made from the oak beams of the house where Benjamin Franklin lived till he was seventeen years of age, corner of Union and Hanover Streets. The chair was presented to the Association by Joseph M. Wightman, who was president from 1857 to '59. The chair is very graceful in outline the high back having a heavily carved circular panel, bearing the crest of the Association with a profile bust of Franklin and Revere on either side.

The badge of office of the president is a Silver Snuff Box, made by Paul Revere, carried for years by the early presidents and presented to the Association in 1852 by John C. Park, Esq. This box was placed in the hands of President Charles W. Slack, in 1879, by Ex-President Joseph F. Paul, with the injunction to pass it down the line of presidents as a "potent reminder of the origin and office of the Association, an incentive to true and noble labor in its behalf."

Public interests were at all times responded to by this organization, whose bonds were so largely those of charity and loyalty. On the 9th of January, 1800, the "Select-

men of Boston" invited the association to join in the formal obsequies of George Washington, who died December 14, 1799. Forty-five delegations, representing as many trades and occupations, responded, and on February 22, on the public day of mourning for Washington, the Association responded in the most loyal and sympathetic manner at the exercises in the Old South Meeting House.

The Massachusetts General Hospital corner stone was laid in 1818, this Order assisting at the ceremonies. At a dinner tendered General Lafayette by the Association in 1825, while on his last visit to this country, Ex-President John Adams, detained at home by illness, forwarded the touching sentiment "The Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association; 'tis theirs to teach an art, beyond the roles of art—Charity." Mr. Adams died fourteen days later.

In the Old Granary Burying Ground will be found the graves of the parents of Benjamin Franklin. The citizens of Boston rebuilt the monument erected by Franklin, and the corner stone was laid by Hon. Charles Wells, president of the Association in 1827. This Association assisted at the centennial celebration of Washington's birthday, conducted the ceremonies in memory of Lafayette, and in 1848 attended the public funeral in memory of John Quincy Adams, and those of Daniel Webster in 1852.

Bunker Hill Monument, when carried to the height of thirty-six feet, remained untouched for a period of eight years, for lack of money to finish the work. It was suggested that the Association assume the task of raising funds to complete the work, a labor they carried to success through the cordial co-operation of the Women of

the State, who held a grand fair in Quincy Hall. At the ceremonies on the date of completion, June 17, 1843, the Association attended and formed a prominent feature of this important historical event; the oration was delivered by Daniel Webster. In recognition of the service rendered at this time, the President of the Mechanic Association is perpetually the Vice-President of the Bunker Hill Association, a charming link of memories being formed as the years go by.

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, an honorary member of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics Association, suggested erecting the Franklin Statue in front of Boston City Hall. Following Mr. Winthrop's suggestion, the government of the Association took the matter in hand, and with a committee of citizens raised the money and completed the work, Mr. Winthrop delivering the inaugural address, Frederic W. Lincoln, then President of the Association, making the presentation address, and delivering the statue to the Hon. Alexander H. Rice, Mayor of the city, on the 17th of September, 1856.

Homes of the Association have been notable buildings in some instances, and the members seemed to settle into special places of their own from the earliest date, for in 1798 a special committee looked after these home interests. In 1802 a committee submitted plans for a building, but the amount of money available at that time compelled a postponement of the plan, which was kept steadily in view for many years, till in 1843 the "Boott Estate," in Bowdoin Sq., was purchased, the very parcel of land looked over and recommended by the committee on buildings in 1802. Upon looking over plans, it was found that the expenses here

would be too heavy for the Association to incur for an association home, and so arrangements were made with owners of adjoining property for the erection of a hotel, which stands to-day, the Revere House, named for Paul Revere.

In 1856, \$120,000 was invested in an association home, corner of Bedford and Chauncy Streets, the corner stone being laid September 30, 1857, and the building dedicated March 27, 1860, thirty-five years ago. The cost of this building and land, exclusive of interest, was \$117,694.46. In 1869 an addition was made to the building at a total cost of \$88,338. This structure was at length found to be inadequate to the demands of the growing lines of work and was sold, the proceeds being carried forward to the erection of the present Home of the Association on Huntington Avenue, which was erected in 1881 at a cost of nearly half a million dollars, for land and buildings, which is properly a group of buildings, facing the broad avenue which sweeps without a break into the aristocratic town of Brookline. Electric cars pass the door and at the rear of the building freights from all parts of the country can unload. In this building the large exhibitions of 1881-84-87-90 and 92 were held and in October 1895 the Nineteenth Triennial Exhibition will open, continuing the celebration of this centennial year of the Association.

Exhibitions were evidently an after consideration with the few who bonded together to promote charity and good works; the first thought of public work in this line was prompted by the reception of an anonymous letter by the President in June 1818, which contained \$35.00 and a request that this money be given, under the direction of the Association, in prizes to

the cooper's apprentices, who with their own hands could make the best casks. The plan was carried out as requested and the prizes awarded on Boston Common the following "Fourth of July." The casks were exhibited and the money awarded in three divisions \$20.00 for the best cask, \$10.00 for the second best \$5.00 for the third. This experiment was very popular and repeated the following year, when \$80.00 was given by Mr. William Wood, a well-known Boston merchant, who was the generous founder of the Mechanic Apprentices Library.

In 1820 a more elaborate display was made at Washington Garden when \$60.00 cash and three silver medals were awarded for eleven exhibits of harness, doors, wheels, ships' blocks, boots and barrels.

In 1821 a larger exhibition was made, with money raised by subscription, the date being changed to October. The whole affair was a success and led to a consideration of the matter of annual exhibition, but several years passed before any steps were taken to secure concert of action, until 1832 the subject was referred to a committee, and in 1836 active measures were adopted which led to an appropriation in January, 1837, for the purpose of exhibitions under the direct auspices of the Association. The first exhibition opened in October, 1837, in the second stories of Quincy Market and Faneuil Hall, the buildings being connected by a bridge, across the open market space. The opening exercises were graced by an address from Hon. Edward Everett. Over \$700.00 was cleared from this "Fair."

The exhibitions of "woman's work" at that time, while not elaborate in extent, were delicate and practical, showing, of course, the comfortable home furnishings.

Exhibitions were held in 1839, 1841, 1844, 1847, 1850, 1853, 1856 and along to the present. The gain in number and quality of exhibits was quite uniform from the first, exhibitors being given gold, silver and bronze medals and diplomas.

Among the prominent names of the Association next to Paul Revere, rather beside him at every step, one finds Benjamin Russell, third president of the Association, who was also one of the first board of trustees, serving four years, as vice-president nine years, and president fourteen years, making thirty years of continuous service.

On the role of members are many prominent names and among them many leading journalists. Major Benj. Russell was founder of the *Columbian Centinel*, Joseph I. Buckingham founder of the *Boston Courier*. Other names are William Schouler of the *Boston Atlas*, Charles C. Rogers, *Boston Journal*; Charles Hale, *Boston Advertiser*; W. W. Clapp, *Gazette*; Beals and Greene, *Boston Post*; Dutton and Wentworth, *Transcript*; A. K. P. Welsh, *University Press*; Wright and Potter, *State Printers*; Alfred Mudge and Son, J. R. Marvin and Son, Charles W. Slack, *Commonwealth*; R. M. Pulsifer, *Herald*; Oliver Ditson, W. W. Clapp, *Journal*; B. F. Guild, *Commercial Bulletin*; E. L. Waters, *Advertiser*; H. C. Houghton, *Rockwell and Churchill* and many others who are now linked with the solid business men of the country.

The Mechanic Apprentices Library Association is claimed to be the first library association ever organized exclusively for apprentices. Mr. William Wood, a Boston merchant, was the original donor of this library, giving in 1820 five hundred books to open the library; contributions from friends

came in rapidly and the library was opened with 1,500 volumes, which were given out by a committee chosen from the Association, but the committee were glad to place the work at an early date in the hands of the apprentices themselves who proved fine managers of the library, having free control of it, subject only to the supervision of the Association.

It is very difficult to single out individuals for special mention from an organization where such fine service has been voluntarily given for so many years, where a strict adherence to principle and singleness of purpose has obtained through so many years, returning such rich reward to the general public. Mr. Whitcomb, president of the Association, touched the keynote of this work in his last annual address when he said: "It is to be hoped that we shall go forward, and by our wisdom demonstrate that the heritage of the past has not fallen into unworthy hands."

Present officers are representative men, Mr. E. Noyes Whitcomb, president, Horace I. Rockwell, vice-president, Hon. Newton Talbot, treasurer, Mr. Talbot was president of the Association from 1885 to '88 and treasurer from 1888 to the present time.

Mr. Alfred Bicknell, secretary of the Association, was elected in 1885 and unites to his qualifications as secretary, marked literary ability, as demonstrated by his compilation of the *Annals of the order*, issued in 1892.

The Trustees for 1895 are William P. Stone, Samuel F. Hicks, Geo. L. Richardson, Elmer F. Smith, John T. Mainland, Samuel Farquhar, David B. Badger, Henry C. Whitcomb, Samuel N. Davenport, John F. Buerkel, Edward L. Porter, and Henry A. Turner.

Committee of Relief for 1895,

George W. Bowker, James H. Roberts, John A. Emery, David McIntosh, Lyman D. Willcutt, Frederick Mills, Horace Weston, William L. Miller, and Alfred R. Turner.

Superintendent of Building, Albert L. Knox.

For many years the membership of the Association has averaged about eight hundred, while the average age of the members over seventy years is quite remarkable. A report of the Association says: "no stronger testimony than this could be adduced that our members are mindful of the laws of health. The average age of our members at this time, 1892, is undoubtedly greater than that of any other organization of like members in this Commonwealth." Surely there must be a secret of perpetual growth among the Association archives for it certainly is remarkable that Frederic W. Lincoln, a great-grandson of Paul Revere, who delivered the address before the Association fifty years ago at its semi-centennial, should deliver the address at this Centennial March 15th, 1895.

The centennial celebration took place in Association building, March 15th, 1895, the art galleries being utilized for the occasion. The larger gallery which formed the audience room was bright with national colors carried gracefully above the groups of Association Past-Presidents and other officers. Back of the speakers chair was a large picture of Paul Revere and above the Association banner and motto "Be Just and fear Not," a fitting group to serve as a background for the man who delivered the centennial address of an Association, whose semi-centennial he had addressed and following back a hundred years his ancestors had thrown energy, devotion and

power into this grandly developed work. Mr. Lincoln spoke for over an hour of the Association, its work, aim and possibilities, touching the events which led to its formation, bringing out in vivid word picture the historical facts which gained added strength from the prompt, vigorous action of the M. C. M. A. men, weaving fact with fact by a touch of poetic fancy which had a grandeur most inspiring to the sympathetic audience before him. On the wall opposite the speaker, was displayed a fine picture of the "Frigate Constitution" which now lies at Portsmouth harbor and Mr. Lincoln while tenderly touching the record of "Old Ironsides," which was built by Edward Hartt, an Association member, urged that the old frigate be returned to Boston harbor as an heirloom of the State, a treasure which belonged to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Mr. Lincoln read his address from his own manuscript.

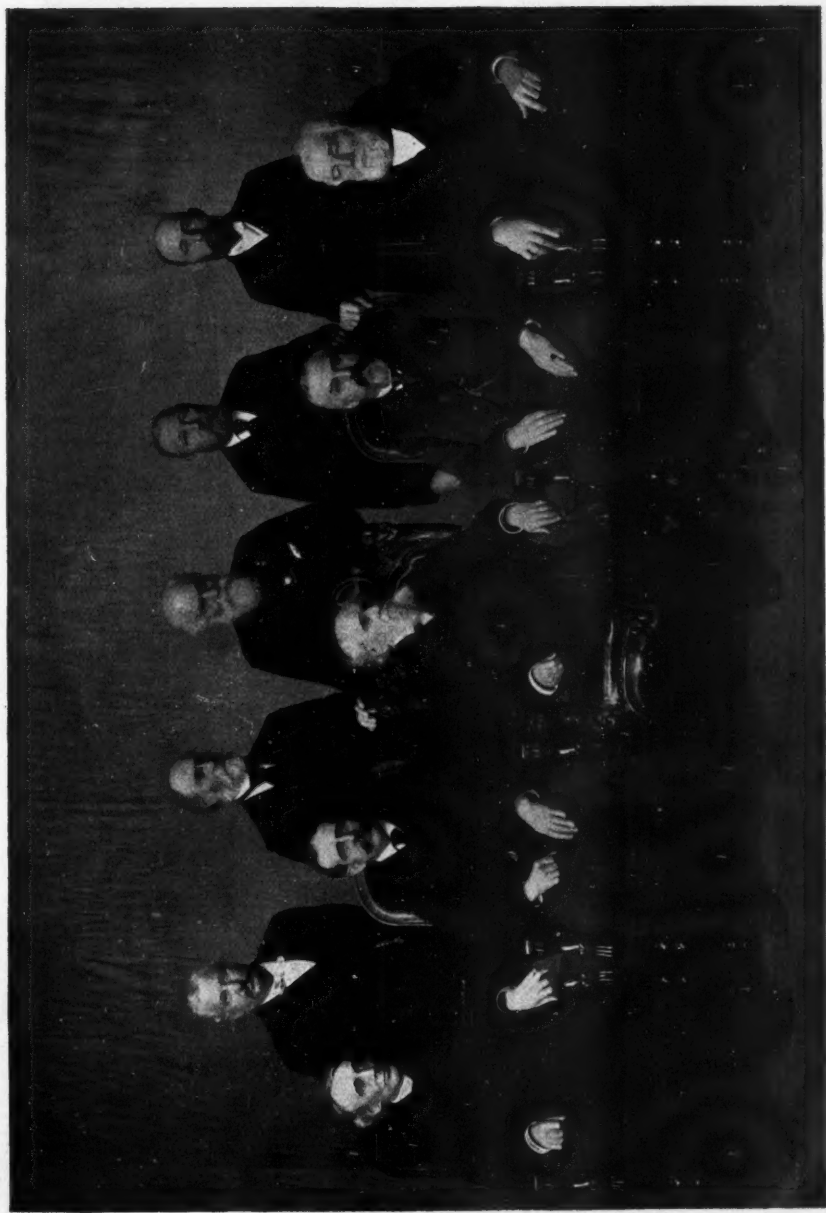
Rev. Edward A. Horton's ode for the occasion was magnificently interpreted by Miss Ethel Whitcomb, daughter of the Association president. Verses written for the occasion were sung to the tune "America" by a quartette club, consisting of Messrs. Herbert Johnson, Joseph White, E. Maude Colder, Kathleen M. Russell, Lillian B. Cooke, and Grace Campbell Cooke. Music was furnished by the Beacon Orchestral Club,

directed by Marietta Sherman Raymond.

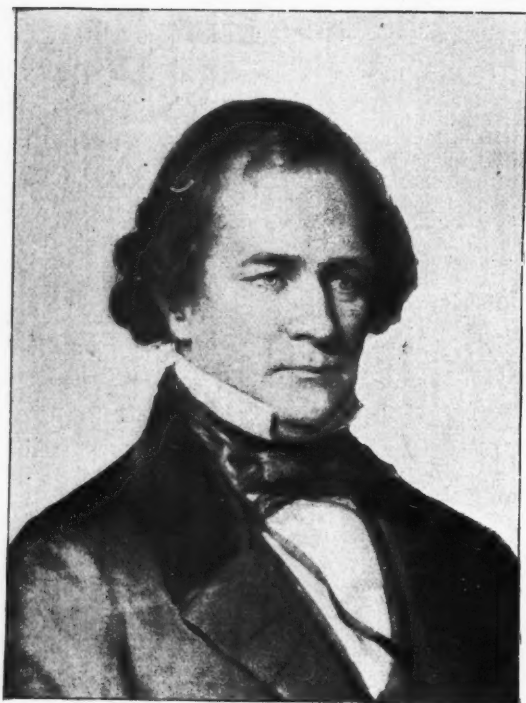
Following the literary exercises Mr. Lincoln held an informal reception on the platform which was bright with flowers sent by the New England Woman's Press Association to Mr. Lincoln. From half-past five to nine o'clock the Banquet Hall was filled with mirth and good cheer, the after-dinner exercises being led by the Vice-President of the Association, Col. Horace Rockwell, whose merry leadership drew forth most delightful responses from all speakers, among whom were Frederic W. Lincoln, Hon. Alexander H. Rice and Hon. Newton Talbot to whom Mr. Rockwell assigned the closing toast "The Ladies."

Mr. E. Noyes Whitcomb, president of the Association presided at this centennial celebration, guiding all exercises, while his gifted daughter gave great pleasure by her exquisite rendering of Mr. Horton's tender poem. To Mr. Alfred Bicknell, secretary of the Association, and Mr. Knox, superintendent of the building, all members and guests were indebted for the perfection of arrangements which rendered this notable anniversary a success, opening wide the doors to another century of work, upon which the Association enters finely equipped for strong work in all lines of progressive, intellectual and material development.

Marion A. McBride.



SAMUEL N. DAVENPORT. EDWARD F. PORTER. ALFRED BICKNELL. HENRY C. WHITCOMB. WILLIAM P. STONE.
REV. EDWARD A. HORTON. E. NOYES WHITCOMB. FREDERIC W. LINCOLN. HORACE T. ROCKWELL. NEWTON TALBOT.



FROM AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH.

Frederic W. Nichols.

THE PET OF THE COLONY.

A STORY OF OLD BOSTON.*

THIS is the story told to me as it came from the lips of great-grandmother Benning.

Black Horse Lane ran down to the bay. It was one of those irregular little paths trodden by the cattle and used by the people, till in days long after they attained the dignity of streets.

The houses in that day were wide and ample and of the strongest construction.

One could stand on the broad steps of Reuben Benning's house and watch the pearly mist as it rose in the early morning over the sparkling waters of the bay, or later when the sun rose, touching its millions of sparkling points with the vivid lustre of diamonds. The nearer beauties of nature, clumps of trees, reaches of green meadowland and here and there well tilled fields and gardens, diversified the scene.

Reuben was a stalwart farmer, and his wife Rebecca was as industrious as she was beautiful.

*Although many of the streets of Boston have been greatly altered there have been few changes in the North End. Much of the thoroughfares run in the same direction as did the convenient pathways of the first settlers. When Boston was first laid out with highways and byways, a marginal street upon the water's side, near the Great Cove, was designated as the "Fore Street"—another running nearly parallel to it and beside the Mill Cove was called Rack Street, and a third, "the way leading to the Orange Tree" lying between these, had those names as it was intersected at right angles by two other streets, namely: Hanover, Middle and North Streets. "The street Leading North-westerly from Morrell's corner in Middle Street, pass-in by Mr. David Norton's, Extending to ye salt water at Ferry Way" was Prince Street, which with Hanover still curiously retains the name once given it out of compliment to loyalty. It was formerly called Black Horse Lane. The old "Black Horse" inn, which was destined to become notorious in after years as a refuge for British deserters, was located on this street, but whether the highway was named in compliment to the inn or *vice versa* I cannot say. If the following story be true then the latter must be the case.—EDITOR

Little Faith Benning was their only child, a fairy-like creature, whose wavy, golden locks, sweet blue eyes, laughing lips and sunny nature made her the favorite of old and young. Hearts and faces quickened and brightened at the sight of little Faith Benning.

The house stood back from the lane. It was built in the midst of elms and chestnuts whose rugged boles were thick with moss and rich with color.

The living room was wide and lofty, raftered with rugged brown beams, the yellow floor was sand-sprinkled, and the braided mats were the handiwork of a former great-grandma Benning. The sparkling breadth of Massachusetts bay could be seen from almost every window on the east, and the white sails of the fisher-boats flashed in and out of the sunlight from dawn till dark.

Reuben Benning was a hard working man. The strength of horny hands and broad shoulders was put into axe and plough all day, and no less did the little civic affairs occupy the small leisure that he earned.

Pretty Faith Benning was the idol of the little community, as much for her childish wisdom as her gentle, lovely ways, and unusual gifts of face and figure.

Over in Connecticut an Indian fight was in progress. One day when a stronger force was sorely needed, Reuben Benning sent some two score men to the help of the settlers along the Thames, or Connecticut river-banks. That same day Reuben and his wife



"SEE, PAPA! WHAT I FOUND OUTSIDE THE HEDGE."

were talking the matter over. The setting sun reddened the waters of the bay and sent long shafts of crimson and gold along the lines of the distant horizon. Faith was playing with her doll under the budding lilac bushes.

Presently the child came running toward the house, her loose curls flying, her cheeks like roses.

"See—papa! what I found outside the hedge!" she cried, and placed a paper pierced with an arrow in her father's hand.

Reuben's brow clouded. On the paper were drawn rude outlines of a horse in motion. The arrow which had pinned it was a threat.

"Did you see any one, dear?" he asked of the child.

"Only a big, black horse," she answered, "but when I looked again he was gone."

"It means danger," said Rebecca in an undertone.

"It may. This must be the work of Miantunnomoh or some of his braves," said Reuben. "Well, I shall take all the precaution I can. We can soon be ready for them. My house is my castle, and they won't touch you, or me—they know too much."

Early the next morning Reuben went out with his men to plough. It was baking day. Rebecca moved to and fro in the bright, sunny kitchen and kept her little Dutch sewing maid busy. In the great oven stood rows of pies, and noble pans of bread, wheaten and brown, were ready for the baking.

Madchen, the ruddy-cheeked little maid-of-all-work, a picture in her bright red stockings, clocked with black, and the brown dress that came down to the ankles, pattered about in her wooden clogs; and the sand on the white pine floor, as the sweet-scented air drifted in, shone in glittering waves from sill to sill, when sud-

denly a strange muffled cry sounded on the silence.

"What is that?" Rebecca stopped the seive.

"The little one did laugh," said Madchen, standing still on her way to convey a loaf to the oven.

"It sounded not like a laugh, Madchen. Hurry with the bread. The child may have hurt herself; go quickly and see."

Madchen put down her loaf, drew the strings of her white apron tighter, and ran out through the hall calling the little one.

No answer came.

The tree branches waved softly to and fro in the west wind—the glittering unrest of the water met her sight—but nothing more was to be seen.

"Hiding from your Madchen, naughty one!" and the girl stopped a moment, her hands on her hips, while she peered through the lilac bushes and down the green lane. "Come, come, Madchen must find thee! The oven is hot and the bread will burn. Little mistress where hast thou hid thyself?"

Still no word—no sound. This was unusual. The girl's face took on a scared look and the dull red faded out of her cheeks.

She ran down to the lilac bushes—through the little wooden gate. The trees stood still and brown and solemn. The shadowed grass even seemed to listen for the familiar footsteps of the child. A little further on Faith's doll lay on its face near the rough fence. Beside it was her little red-bordered handkerchief.

Madchen fled back into the house shrieking with fear. Rebecca ran out in the yard breathless, with an unspoken horror. In the distance she heard the monotonous whistle of the plough boy. The mysterious message—that cry,

the child's absence from the old play-ground! what could it all mean but one dread catastrophe?

Where was Faith? Rebecca's voice grew hoarse and then ceased altogether, from sheer fright. Reuben was summoned home. The hired men armed themselves and mounted their horses for the search. Before an hour had passed everybody in the colony knew that little Faith Benning had mysteriously disappeared.

That day and the next were spent in a search that proved faithless. Days came and went and still no tidings. Reuben's eyes gathered an expression of profound melancholy. Rebecca sat at her spinning wheel like a statue, her face growing whiter and whiter and her eyes more haggard from day to day. The agony of her set features needed no language to voice her anguish.

The Sabbath morning came round again. It was a still, peaceful morning, and Reuben, though with a heavy heart, made himself ready for the church services. Rebecca sat quietly by the window, from which she had so often watched her little Faith playing with her simple toys.

"Come wife," said Reuben gently.

"I cannot go, Reuben—I cannot!" was her response. "You and Madchen go, I will stay."

"Rebecca," said Reuben, his voice faltering,—*"I have not given up the search. Let us commit our little one to the hands of God. To-day belongs to Him. Come, let us go and worship. We have still many mercies to thank Him for."*

"Mercies!" she cried shudderingly,—*"was it a mercy that our one ewe lamb was taken from us? Oh, if I knew—yes, knew that she was dead—but alive—perhaps*

tortured. Oh, my little Faith! my little Faith!"

"I know what you suffer my wife—but this is not our day," he said softly. "Come, let us show *our* trust in God, Rebecca," and he lifted her gently—"We have done all we could."

Not a heart there but ached as the bereaved mother came into church, leaning heavily on her husband's arm. And when the gray-haired clergyman gave out the hymn,—*"God moves in a mysterious way,"* there was hardly a dry eye in the congregation.

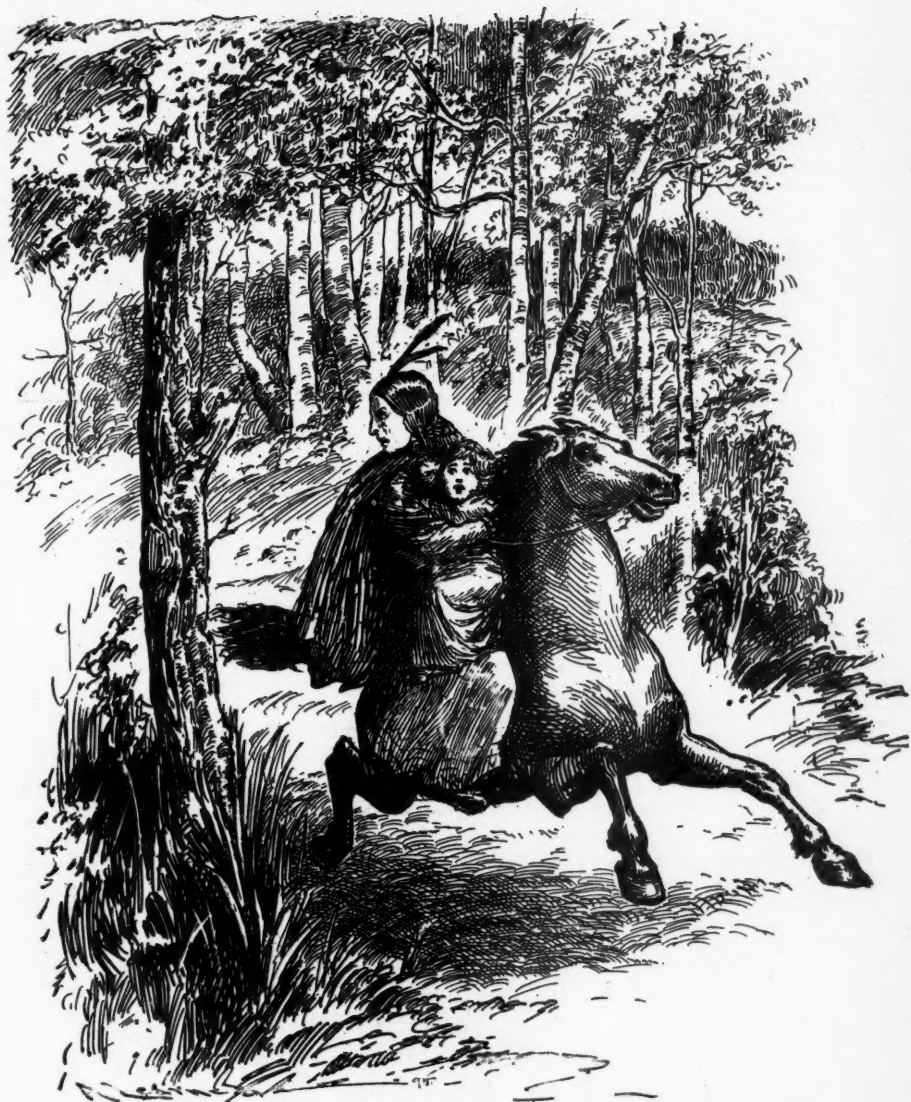
And where was Faith?

Not a dozen miles away, in the midst of a dense woods, the child sat at the opening of a rude wigwam. Every day, since her capture, she had remained in the same listless attitude, till her round cheeks had grown white and thin. She would eat next to nothing, although the wife of her captor pressed upon her such delicacies as she possessed.

But the child loathed it all.

She only sat with clasped hands and closed eyes looking wistfully, sadly out. Always she was living over the scene of her capture—the tall savage, dressed in warlike attire, the great black horse, the wild, mad race, taking her every moment further from home. One word was always on her lips, "mother!" She heeded nothing that went on. The Indian who had captured her regarded her with an evil eye. She was the child of a hated enemy.

She did not know it was Sunday morning. She only knew that there was such a longing in her heart for mother, father, home—she could scarcely bear the burden of it. How could she know that they, her captors, were only waiting to hear of the white man's victory, to sacrifice her life?



ON THEY WENT THROUGH DENSE, DARK WOODS, OUT IN THE
OPEN ROAD, FLYING FASTER AND FASTER.

On this particular day the squaw and the chief seemed to be quarrelling and the red woman chuckled defiantly when he left the wigwam.

No sooner had the man gone for his usual hunt than his squaw brought out the powerful black horse, and muttering to herself, made ready to depart.

In that untutored heart were some germs of gratitude. Once, in mid-winter, Rebecca Benning had given her food and drink when she was starving. She had never forgotten the woman's beautiful smile, or her gentle benevolence, and she said in her heart that the child should not die.

Perhaps at that moment the good clergyman was repeating one of the closing lines of that wonderful hymn:

"God is His own interpreter."

On they went through dense, dark woods, out in the open road, flying faster and faster, and as one by one the sweet familiar scenes came into view, Faith turned and smiled in the squaw's dark face. It might have been then that the people's voices rang out from the little red church:

"And He will make it plain."

Then Faith found herself lifted up through the open window into the dear old living-room with its dark beams overhead, its sanded floor beneath.

There in its nook stood her own little chair by the great fire-place. The child tottered towards it and sat down with a sigh of great content. Then she folded her hands and presently fell fast asleep.

Madchen, the little Dutch maid came in first, bright with her Sunday finery—and startled the echoes with her wild shrieks. Then presently the mother was on her knees, and Faith, chair and all, encircled by her loving arms. The little wan face, so colorless, yet so happy, was cuddled in its dear old resting place.

Then Reuben took her in his strong arms, and hiding his face in her golden hair gave way for the first time, and sobbed like a child.

The news flew as if proclaimed by clarions, that blessed Sunday morning. Crowds flocked all day to the Bennings' house, and many a thanksgiving went up from grateful hearts for the safety of the pet of the colony. From that day to this the place has been called BLACK HORSE LANE.

"But, grandma Benning," one of her auditors asked, "did little Faith live to grow up?"

"My dear," said great-grandma Benning, "she was my mother."

Mary A. Denison.



THE POWER OF SYMPATHY: OR, THE TRIUMPH OF NATURE.*

BY WILLIAM HILL BROWN.

LETTER XL.

MRS. HOLMES TO MYRA.

BELLEVIEW.

Having presented you with several observations on seduction, I think it will not to be *mal apropos* to consider the question in another point of view, and discover how a woman may be accessory to her own ruin. It is hardly worth while to contend about the difference between the meaning of the terms accessory and principal. The difference, in fact, is small; but when a woman, by her imprudence, exposes herself, she is accessory; for though her heart may be pure, her conduct is a tacit invitation to the seducer.

Educated in the school of luxury and pride, the female heart grows gradually torpid to the fine feelings of sensibility, the blush of modesty wears off, the charms of elegant simplicity fade by degrees, and the continual hurry of dissipation, supersedes the improvement of serious reflection. Reflection is a kind of relaxation from frolicking, — it encourages the progress of virtue, and upholds the heart from sinking to depravity.

We may lay it down as a principle, that that conduct which will bear the test of reflection, and which creates a pleasure in the mind from a consciousness of acting right, is virtuous: And she whose conduct will not bear this test, is necessarily degenerating,

and she is assenting to her destruction.

Let a lady be liberal or even magnificent, according to her circumstances or situation in life; but let the heart remain uncorrupt, let her not be contaminated by wealth, ambition or splendor. She may then take a happy retrospect of her conduct, her heart cannot upbraid her, and the suffrage of her own mind is convincing proof that she has not strayed from the path of virtue.

Happy they who can thus reflect, who can recall to view the scenes that are past, and behold their actions with reiterated satisfaction. They become ambitious of excelling in everything virtuous, because they are certain of securing a continual reward. For as a mighty river fertilizes the country through which it passes and increases in magnitude and force until it empty itself into the ocean: so virtue fertilizes or improves the heart, and gathers strength and vigor by continual progression, until it centers in the consummation of its desires.

Dazzled by the glitter of splendor, and unmindful of the real charms of economy and simplicity, the female heart sighs for the enjoyment of fashion, and flutters to join the motley train of pleasure. But how is it deluded by empty deceptions! Like the fruit which spring up in the infernal regions, beautiful to the eye, but which left

*The first American novel, suppressed in 1789.

upon the taste bitter ashes, and was followed by repentance. A great quantity of this kind of fruit presents itself to my rashly judging sex, and it frequently happens that their hearts have as little inclination to resist the temptation, as our general parents to refuse the fatal apple.

We do not rouse to our aid fortitude to enable us to surmount the temptation, but yield ourselves to a kind of voluntary slavery. Hence it is observable, that a woman is often unhappy in the midst of pleasure and petulant without cause, that she is trifling in matters of the highest importance, and the most momentous concern is considered futile, as whim and caprice may chance to dictate.

The progress of female luxury, however slow it may appear, unless timely checked, works with infallible and destructive advances. The rule we at first adopted might perhaps answer this check; for by the examination thus recommended we behold the dangers of a continuation of such conduct; ruin and contempt, the invariable concomitants of vice and immorality, proclaim their denunciations on a prosecution of it.

Let us examine the gradual steps, and the consequences of female luxury. A desire to be admired is the first. Behold a woman surrounded by her worshippers, receiving the sacrifice of adulation. What was given her at first as compliment, she now demands as her due. She finds herself disappointed, and is mortified. The first desire still predominating, she attaches herself to the votaries of pride, who direct their feet in the paths of extravagance and irreligion. Thus sunk into effeminacy and meanness, she forfeits her virtue rather than her pride. Thus terminates the career of a woman,

whose mind is debilitated, and whose life is expended in the pursuit of vanity.

It is said of some species of American serpents, that they have the power of charming birds and small animals, which they destine for their prey. The serpent is stretched underneath a tree, it looks steadfastly on the bird, their eyes meet to separate no more, the charm begins to operate, the fascinated bird flutters and hops from limb to limb, till unable any longer to extend its wings, it falls into the voracious jaws of its enemy. This is no ill emblem of the fascinating power of pleasure. Surrounded with temptation, and embarrassed in her circumstances, a woman of dissipation becomes less tenacious of her honor, and falls an easy prey to the fascinating power of the seducer.

Having traced to you, my dear Myra, the use, advancement and termination of pleasure and pride in the female heart, it appears almost unnecessary to remark that this conduct cannot bear the test of reflection and serious examination. We may, however, observe on the contrary, that a woman who advances a few steps, often hurries on still further to prevent thought. This bars the way to a return to that conduct which can give pleasure on recollection. She behaves to herself as the populace did formerly to women suspected of witchcraft — they were tied neck and heels and thrown into the river; if they swam they were hung for witches, if they sank they were acquitted of the crime, but were drowned in the experiment. So when we only suspect our hearts of an error, we plunge still deeper into the sea of dissipation, to prevent the trial of that conduct which impartial reason and judgment would approve.

Notwithstanding I give this instance of an encouragement for virtue; yet in all those I have mentioned is a woman accessory to her ruin.

Do not imagine, my dear Myra, that I mean to argue against all pleasure. Many of us set out on a principle of false delicacy and destructive rivalry; we cannot behold a fine woman without wishing to appear finer. A laudable emulation in the conduct of all women is extremely praiseworthy, it stimulates them in line of their duty, increases vivacity and good humor; and ambition, thus directed and pursued, I beg leave to designate a female virtue, because it is productive of the most happy consequences.

But it sometimes happens that particular virtues lose themselves in their neighboring vices, and this laudable emulation degenerates into destructive rivalry.

A genteel, handsome woman, deservedly shares the esteem and admiration of all men; but why should this esteem and admiration, justly paid to merit, give us disquiet? The answer is ready. That desire to be admired so predominant in all females, by degrees works itself into the ruling passion, and precludes from the mind the particular virtue of emulation; for why a woman who merits the love of the world, should draw on her the disapprobation of many of her own sex, can be accounted for by no other principle than the mean, pitiful passion of envy.

This may possibly give rise to defamation. It is astonishing how this practice prevails among a few persons, because it is known by experience to prove subversive of its very intention. The arrows of envy recoil upon herself.

How foolish must that woman appear who depreciates the merit

of another that she may appear unrivaled! She raises up the dykes of ill-nature, and inundates the land with a flood of scandal, but unhappily drowns herself in the event.

I leave it to the result of your observation my dear Myra, whether the woman who is first to develop her stores of defamation, and through false emulation, the first to traduce a woman of real merit and virtue, is not also the first who becomes a scandal to herself and consequently the first that is condemned.

How opposite are the pursuits and rewards of her who participates in every rational enjoyment of life without mixing in those scenes of indiscretion which give pain on recollection, whose chymical genius leads her to extract the poison from the most luxuriant flowers, and to draw honey from the weeds of society. She mixes with the world seemingly indiscriminately and because she would secure to herself that satisfaction which arises from a consciousness of acting right, she views her conduct with an eye to scrutiny. Though her temper is free and unrestrained, her heart is previously secured by the precepts of prudence, for prudence is but another name for virtue. Her manners are unruffled and her disposition calm, temperate and dispassionate, however she may be surrounded by the temptations of the world.

Adieu!

LETTER XLI.

HARRINGTON TO WORTHY.

BOSTON.

Pray that the sun of Thursday may rise propitious—that it may gild the face of nature with joy. It is the day that beholds thy friend

united in the indissoluble banns of Hymen.

Let this auspicious day be ever sacred,
No mourning, no misfortune happen on
it;

Let it be marked for triumphs and re-
joicings,

Let happy lovers ever keep it holy,
Choose it to bless their hopes and crown
their wishes.

It is the day that gives me Har-
riet forever.

Adieu!

LETTER XLII.

THE HON. MR. HARRINGTON TO
THE REV. MR. HOLMES.

BOSTON.

You very well know of my amour
with Maria, and that a daughter
was the offspring of that illicit con-
nection, that sixteen years have
elapsed since, by your goodness,
she has lived with Mrs. Francis,
and let me add, daily improving
in beauty and very amiable ac-
complishment, but how shall we be
able — how shall we pretend to in-
vestigate the great springs by
which we are actuated, or account
for the operation of sympathy.
My son, who has been at home
about eight weeks, has accidentally
seen her, and to complete THE
TRIUMPH OF NATURE, has loved
her. He is now even upon the
point of marrying — shall I pro-
ceed! — OF MARRYING HIS SISTER!
A circumstance seemingly fortuit-
ous has discovered this important
affair. I fly to prevent incest. Do
not upbraid me with being author
of my own misfortunes. "This
comes of your libertinism," you
will say, "this comes of your adul-
tery!" Spare your reflections,
my friend, my heart is monitor
enough, I am strangely agitated!

Adieu!

LETTER XLIII.

THE HON. MR. HARRINGTON TO
THE REV. MR. HOLMES.

BOSTON.

My heart failed me! twenty
times have I attempted to break
the matter to my son and twenty
times have I returned from the
talk. I have a friend to acquaint
him how nearly connected he al-
ready is with the object of his love.
This is a new, and to me a sorrow-
ful instance of the force of sym-
pathy. My grief is insupportable,
my affliction is greater than I can
bear, it will bring down my grey
hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Farewell!

LETTER XLIV.

HARRINGTON TO WORTHY.

BOSTON.

All my airy schemes of love and
happiness are vanished like a
dream. Read this and pity your
unfortunate friend.

TO MR. T. HARRINGTON:

SIR,

You are about to marry a
young lady of great beauty and ac-
complishments. I beg you to be-
stow a few serious thoughts on this
important business. Let me claim
your attention, while I disclose an
affair, which materially concerns
you. Harriot must not be your
wife. You know your father is
averse to your early connecting
yourself in marriage to any woman.
The duty we owe a parent is
sacred, but this is not the only
barrier to your marriage, the ties
of consanguinity prevents it. She
is your SISTER. Your father, or
Miss Harrington, will inform you
more particularly, it is sufficient
for me to have hinted it in time.
I am, with the most perfect esteem,

and sincere wishes for your happiness, your

UNKNOWN FRIEND, &C.

(In continuation.)

The gloom of melancholy in the faces of the family but too well corroborated this intelligence, so I ask no questions, they read in my countenance that I had received the letter, and my sister put into my hand *THE HISTORY OF MARIA*. I concealed my emotion while I read the account. "It is a pitiful tale," said I, as I returned it and walked out of the room to give vent to the agitation of my heart.

I have not yet seen Harriot. Myra has run to greet her with the new title of *SISTER*. Adieu! my friend, little happiness is left for me in this world.

LETTER XLV.

MYRA TO MRS. HOLMES.

BOSTON.

In what words shall I describe to you, my dear friend, the misery that has suddenly overwhelmed us! It is impossible to communicate the distressed situation of Harriot. Expression is inadequate to give you an idea of our meeting. I called her my friend, my sister. She always loved me, but joy and affection gave way to passion. Her speech refused its office.

Sorrow in all its pomp was there,
Mute and magnificent without a tear,

She had gained a sister, she had lost a lover, a burst of joy would suddenly break from her, but it was of short duration, and was succeeded by pangs of exquisite distress. Nature was unable to support it, and she fainted under the weight of severe conflict. Her constitution at best is feeble; her present illness is therefore attended with more danger. Unless a speedy

alteration should take place, the physician has little hopes of her recovery. Heaven preserve us!

Farewell!

LETTER XLVI.

HARRINGTON TO WORTHY.

BOSTON.

I have seen her, I pressed her to my heart, I called her my love — my sister. The tenderness and sorrow were in her eyes. How am I guilty, my friend? How is this transport a crime? My love is the most pure, the most holy. Harriot beheld me with tears of the most tender affection. "Why," said she, "why, my friend, my dear Harrington, have I loved! but in what manner have I been culpable? HOW WAS I TO KNOW YOU WERE MY BROTHER? Yes! I might have known it, how else could you have been so kind, so tender, so affectionate!" Here was all the horror of conflicting passions, expressed by gloomy silence, by stifled cries, by convulsions, by sudden floods of tears. The scene was too much for my heart to bear, I bade her adieu, my heart was breaking, I tore myself from her and retired.

What is human happiness? The prize for which all strive, and so few obtain; the more easily we pursue it, the farther we stray from the object; wherefore I have determined within myself that we increase in misery as we increase in age and if there are any happy days they are those of thoughtless childhood.

I then viewed the world at a distance in perspective. I thought mankind appeared happy in the midst of pleasures that flowed round them. I who find it a deception, and am tempted sometimes to wish myself a child again. Happy are the dreams of infancy,

and happy their harmless pursuits! I saw the *ignis fatuus*, and have been running after it, and now I return from the search. I return and bring back disappointment. As I reflect on these scenes of infantine ignorance I feel my heart interested and become sensibly affected and however futile these fellings may appear as I communicate them to you, they are feelings, I venture to assert, which every one must have experienced who is possessed of a heart of sensibility.

Adieu!

LETTER XLVII.

HARRINGTON TO WORTHY.

BOSTON.

I no longer receive satisfaction from the enjoyments of the world. Society is distasteful to me. My favorite authors I have entirely relinquished. In vain I try to forget myself or seek for consolation. My repose is interrupted by distressing visions of the night, my thoughts are broken, I cannot even think regularly.

Harriot is very weak, there is no hope of her life.

Adieu!

LETTER XLVIII.

HARRINGTON TO WORTHY.

BOSTON.

My dear friend, I have a great desire to see you. I wish you could come home speedily. I must be short, I have some serious business to do.

Farewell!

P. S.—They say life is a blessing and it is our duty to improve and enjoy it; but when life becomes insupportable and we find no blessing in it, have we not a right to resign it?

Farewell!

LETTER XLIX.

THE HON. MR. HARRINGTON TO
THE REV. MR. HOLMES.

BOSTON.

Accumulated sorrows continue to break over my devoted head. Harriot is at times deprived of her reason, and we have no expectations of her recovery, my son is deeply affected, he seems strangely disordered.

Resolving in my mind all these things and the unhappy affair that lead to them, the whole train of my past life returned fresh upon my mind. Pained with the disagreeable picture, and oppressed with the weight of my affliction, I sunk down to sleep. These circumstances had so strongly impressed my imagination that they produced the following dream. My blood is chilled with horror as I write.

Methought I suddenly found myself in a large, open field, waste and uncultivated, here I wandered in a solitary manner for some time, grief seized my heart at the awful appearance of the place, and I cried aloud—"How long shall I travel here alone and friendless, a dusky mist swims before my sight, and the obscure horizon seems only to inclose this dismal wild!" Having advanced a few steps, I thought a light at a distance appeared to my doubtful view. Faint with fatigue, I approached it, and had the satisfaction to behold a person of the most benign aspect—a quiet serenity was painted on his brow, happiness ineffable beamed from his divine countenance. Joy leaped in my bosom, and in the ecstasy of passion I endeavored to clasp the blessed spirit to my heart; but it had vanished in my embrace.

"Teach me, blessed shade," said I, with a trembling voice.
"Teach me to find the habitations

of men. What do I here? Why am I doomed to explore the barren bosom of this baleful desert?" "This," returned the spirit, in a voice, which, while it commanded veneration and love, struck awe and terror into my soul, "*This* is not the habitation of the sons of mortality, it is the place appointed to receive the souls of all men, after they have resigned the bodies they animated on earth. Those who have violated the laws of reason, humanity, religion, and have dishonored their God, here meet the punishment due to their crimes.

"Attend me, therefore, and view the condition of those thoughtless souls, who, a few days ago, were upon earth immersed in pleasure, luxury and vice. Regardless of futurity, and unprepared for their eternal summons to another world, and who persisted in the delight of their own eyes in opposition to the Divine law, and deaf to the voice of reclaiming virtue. These, the sons of folly and riot, are smitten by the angel of death, while they are yet drinking of the bowl of vice—while the words of blasphemy yet dwell upon their tongues. And when their unhappy spirits sink to these infernal regions, their surviving companions rehearse their funeral panegyrics; the praise of one is that he could drink the longest; the merit of another that he could sing a good song; a third secures his fame by being excellent in mimicry and buffoonery. How unhappy he must be who leaves no other testimony of his usefulness behind him!

"How different is the fate of the good man. While upon earth his life is employed in the cause of virtue. The happiness he bestows on those around him is reflected back with ten-fold reward; and when he takes rank in that happy

place, where there is fullness of joy, and leaves the world of mankind, what numbers are joined in the general concern of his loss! The aged, while they prepare for the same journey, delight to dwell on his good actions, the virgin strews flowers on his grave, and the poet consumes the midnight oil to celebrate his virtues."

There was so much benignity in every word and action of my attendant, that I found myself imperceptibly attached to him. My attention to his discourse had prevented me from observing the progress we had made, for we had arrived at a place encircled with high walls! A great gate, at the command of my guide, instantly flew open. "Follow me," said he, I trembling obeyed.

My ears were instantaneously filled with the faint cries of those here doomed to receive the rewards of their demerits. Looking earnestly forward, I observed a person who was continually tormenting them, he held in one hand a whip, the lashes of which were composed of adders, and the stings of scorpions; and in the other a large mirror, which, when he held it up to the faces of the tormented exhibited their crimes in the most flagrant colors, and forced them to acknowledge the justness of their punishment. "These," said my guide, "who are scourged with a whip of scorpions, and who start with horror at the reflection of their deeds upon earth, are the souls of the gambler, the prodigal, the duellist, and the ingrate.

"Those whom you see yonder," continued he, "those wasted, emaciated spirits, are the souls of the envious. They are doomed to view the most beautiful fruit, which they can never taste, and behold pleasures which they can never enjoy. This punishment is

adjudged them because most of those vile passions, by which men suffer themselves to be ruled, bring real evil, for promised good.

"For this reason the all-wise Judge hath ordered the same passions still to inflame those ghosts, with which they were possessed on earth. Observe yon despicable crew! Behold the sin of avarice! Those sordid ghosts are the souls of misers. Lo! they eye their delightful bags with horrid pleasure; and with a ghastly smile, brood over their imaginary riches. Unable to carry their wealth about with them, they are confined to one spot, and in one position. This infernal joy is the source of their tortures, for behold them start at every sound, and tremble at the flitting of a shade. Thus are they doomed to be their own tormentors—to pore over their gold with immortal fear, apprehension, and jealousy and to guard their ideal wealth with tears of care, and the eyes of eternal watchfulness.

"Behold here," continued my guide, "the miserable division of suicides!" "Unhappy they!" added I, "who, repining at the ills of life, raised the sacreligious steel against their own bosom! How vain the reiterated wish to again animate the breathless clay, to breathe the vital air, and to behold the cheering luminary of heaven!" "Upbraid me not, O my father!" cried a voice. I looked up, and thought I saw my son appeared among them. Immediately turning from so shocking a spectacle, I suddenly beheld my once loved Maria. "O delight of my youth! do I behold thee once more! Let

me hide my sorrows in thy friendly bosom." I advanced towards her, but she flew from me with scorn and indignation. "O speak Maria! speak to me!" She pointed with her finger to a group of spirits, and was out of sight in a moment.

"Let me," said my conductor, "prepare you for a more dreadful sight." The increasing melancholy, and affecting gloom of the situation, forboded something terrifying to my soul. I looked toward the place where Maria had pointed, and saw a number of souls remote from any division of the unhappy. In their countenances were depicted more anguish, sorrow and despair. I turned my head immediately from this dreadful sight, without distinguishing the nature of their torments. Quivering with horror, I inquired who they were. "These," answered my guide, with a sigh, "are the miserable race of seducers. Repentance and shame drive them far from the rest of the accursed. Even the damned look on them with horror, and thank fate their crimes are not of so deep a die."

He had hardly finished, when a demon took hold of me and furiously hurried me in the midst of this unhappy group. I was so terrified that it immediately aroused me from my sleep.

Even now, while I write to you, my good friend, my hand trembles with fear at the painful remembrance. Yet—

'Twas but a dream, but then
So terrible, it shakes my very soul.

Farewell!

(To be continued.)

WASHINGTON A MYTH.

DOUBTLESS if some of my readers could go to sleep, and awake in the year 3895, they might see an article like the following in the "London Historical Review;"

"WASHINGTON A MYTH."

A volume bearing the above title has been recently published. It is written by that learned historian, Dr. J. B. St. John, whose eminent abilities as an author are familiar to our readers. The book is written in the Doctor's pleasant style, and is replete with most interesting historical information. While we are not fully convinced that Washington *was* a myth, still we must confess that some of the Doctor's theories are plausible. According to his idea there are only two reasons why we have been induced to believe that Washington lived at all. First, because history tells us so, and secondly, because there is a great city in North America that is said to have been named for him.

But Dr. St. John meets with the following theory the several facts which history has advanced. Many centuries ago numerous companies of emigrants from Europe went to America and settled there. A large portion of the settled land belonged to England, but the settlers became weary of our rule and rebelled. A little fighting ensued, and England soon gave the Colonies their freedom, for she cared but little for a wild country, far across the sea. These colonies then grew into a mighty republic, which is said to have extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Finally anarchy prevailed, and the Republic was split into many coun-

tries. Washington City had been the capital of the old republic and when that was broken up, it became the capital of the Vanasgo Republic. It is claimed that Washington was the leader of the people when they fought against England, and that after the war was over he established the mighty republic. Dr. St. John says the truth probably is that the scattered and half savage settlers really had a number of leaders, and the republic just gradually grew of itself, and was not formed by any man or special set of men. It is simply ridiculous to suppose that any one man could be the leader of scattered settlers, who lived on a sea coast extending many hundred miles. This man Washington is represented as having been almost an angel. It is said that he was so truthful that he could not tell a lie. He was a farmer, we are informed, who had no military training, yet no sooner did he enter into the army than he proved himself one of the most wonderful military commanders of whom history makes mention. He was so superior to other men that he never laughed, but had the dignity of a fabled God. His life was a charmed one; no matter in what battle he went, no matter how many were killed and wounded, he was never injured by a bullet. He possessed such power over other men that the people almost worshipped him. Could such a man as this live in our world? No! yet according to history he did live. Dr. St. John then pleasantly relates numerous examples of historical inaccuracies, to show with how little safety history can be depended upon.

Next our author gives a gra-

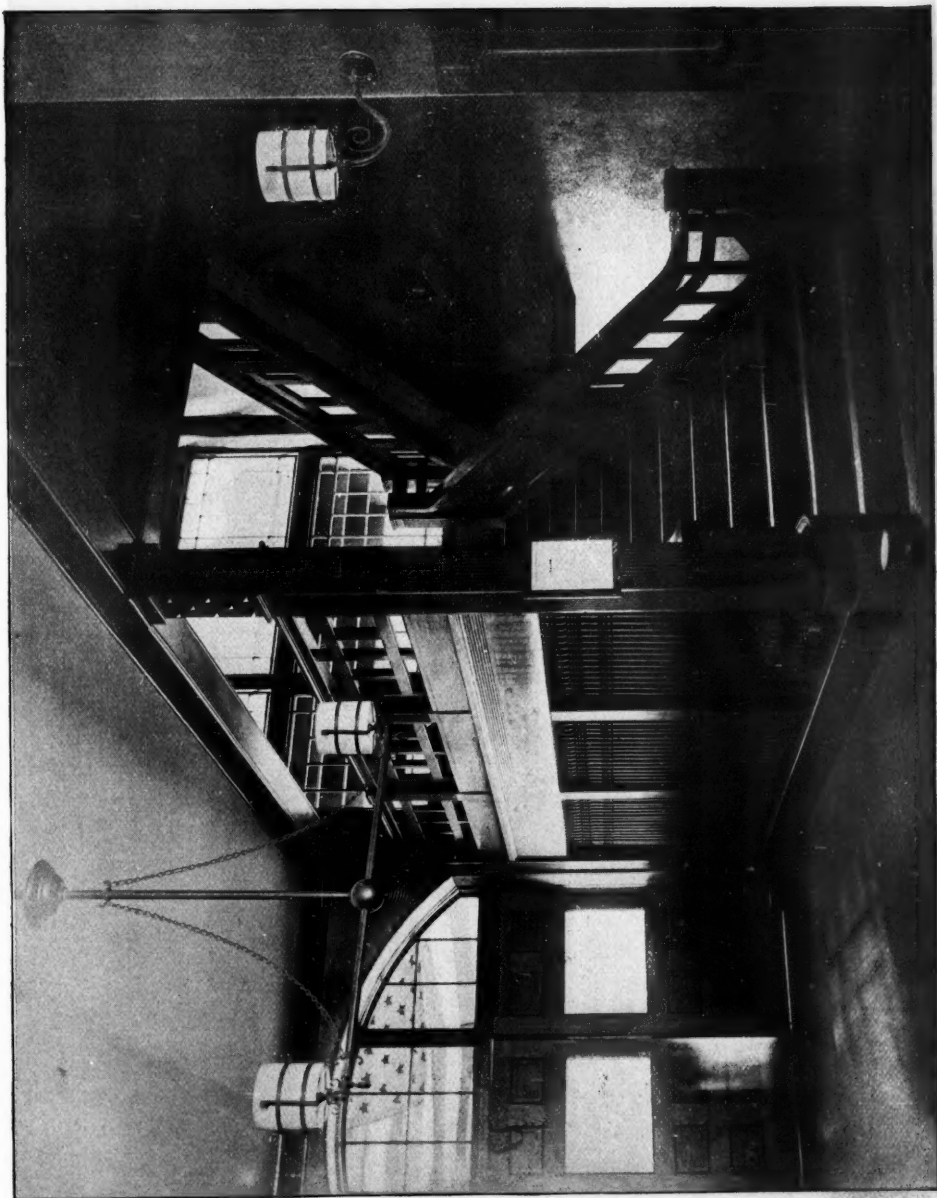
phic account of the half savage age in which Washington is said to have lived. Rail trains and the telegraph were, without a doubt, unknown to the simple people of that age, and it is certain that telephones and many other things of the sort were never heard of until years afterwards. The people of that age were bigoted, to a wonderful degree. Such was the age of Washington — an age in which there was little machinery, nothing scarcely worth bearing the name of medicine, no inventions, the people bigoted and wrapped in dense ignorance. Is it any wonder that myths should grow in an age like this, and among such a people?

How did the myth about George Washington really originate? Dr. St. John accounts for it in this way. In those ancient times there was a collection of houses on the Potomac River which were inhabited by people in humble circumstances, and the women largely supported themselves by taking in washing. This collection of houses grew gradually larger, and finally it became known in the neighborhood as *Washingville*. Stores were opened in the hamlet, and its citizens then called the place *Washingtown*. After many years the *w* was dropped from town, and we have *Washington*. The town became a mighty city, and people

began to inquire "How came this city to be named Washington?" Some one advanced a theory that it was called Washington for a man of that name, and right here we have the origin of what Dr. St. John terms "the Washington myth." Other people claimed to discover that it was really Washington who had formed the great republic, and as the masses were just emerging from a dark and an ignorant age, they believed the myth; it was flattering to their vanity to believe that such a man as Washington once lived in their country. Therefore, after the myth was started, they nursed it carefully, and every two or three centuries some innocent additions would be made to it. But how about the name *George* which we see added to the Washington? Well, *George* is a word belonging to the ancient German, and means a *husbandman* or *farmer*. There is every reason to believe that in those primitive times most of the men were farmers, and they were known as much by the name of *Georges* as they were by that of *farmers*. When the hamlet of *Washingville* grew to be a city, and the myth of *Washington* grew from it, and it was claimed that Washington was a farmer, what is more natural than to say that his other name was *George*?

McDonald Furman.





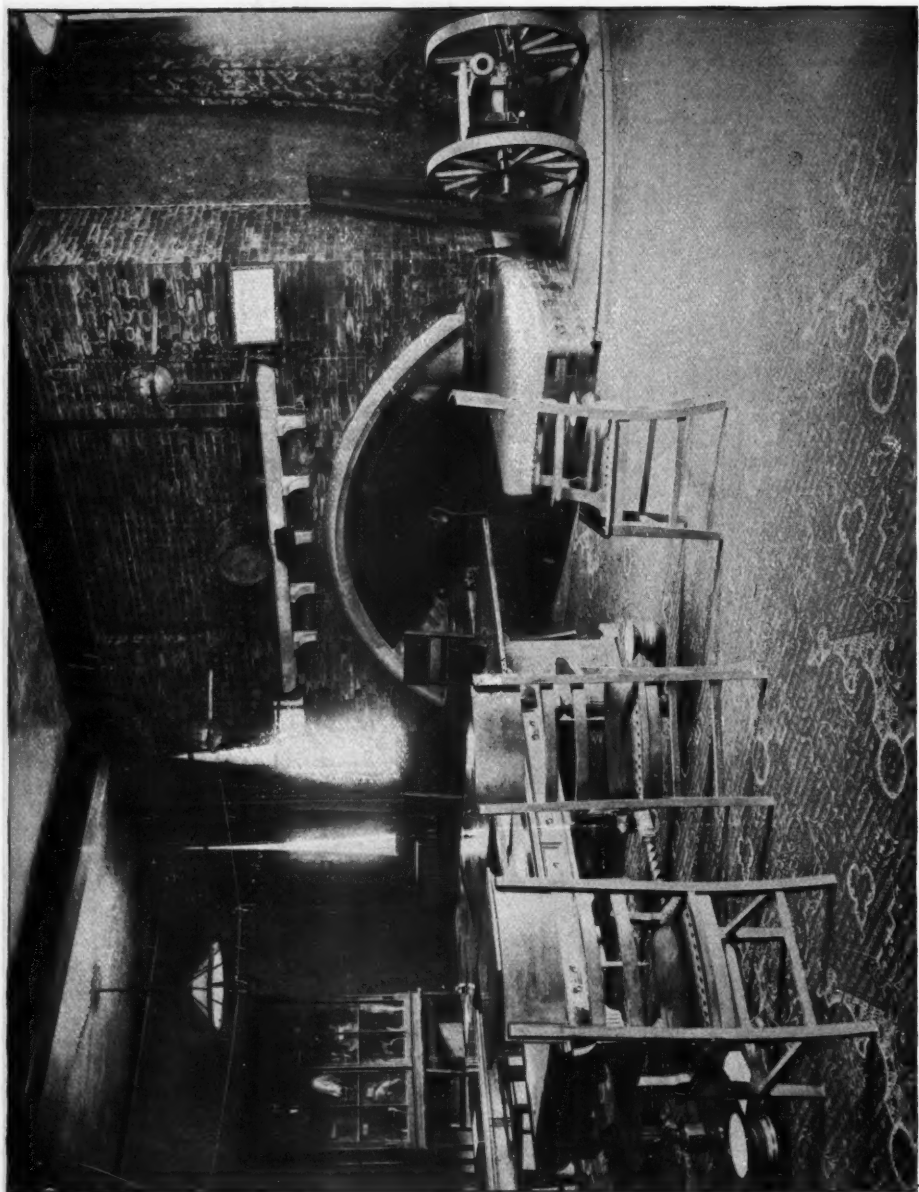
STAIR-CASE HALL.



DRILL, SHED OF THE SOUTH ARMORY, IRVINGTON STREET.



OFFICERS ROOM.



OFFICERS' RECEPTION ROOM.

THE NECESSITY FOR ARMORIES.

BY a vast majority the inhabitants of the United States are peaceful and law abiding citizens. They know that in order to preserve their liberty the proper bounds must be placed upon it. They not only respect, but they love, their settled institutions. They are conscious that they received them from the fathers only in trust, and that they must be handed down to posterity with an added prestige and renown.

Personal liberty, when rightly understood and properly enjoyed, is certainly the most valuable possession of an American citizen. At its mere sound tyrants have never failed to tremble. It has always been foremost in the advance of rational progress. In this grand and mighty country there is not room for the toleration of the theory of humiliating submission, save in an unquestioning obedience to the law. The death, upon the field of battle, of many of our patriotic fathers testified to their absolute scorn of every proposal to surrender even a tithe of their personal independence. And it would come with a bad grace from us of the present day to be less watchful or courageous, when it is our turn to keep the faith. All around us we see evidences of the painful fact that we are entering upon a season of disquiet and unrest — in which the strength and endurance of the nation are to be sorely tried, and the sincerity of its principles and the value of its laws are to be tested, to the uttermost degree. Upon every hand there are constant reminders of the national dangers amid which we live.

In one section of the country may at any time be heard the insane and reckless bravado and threats of misguided laboring men. In another the Socialistic and Communistic theories have seized upon and led captive many otherwise sensible and peaceful citizens. And in a third the outspoken and red handed Anarchists have reared their brazen standard of revolt, against the prosperity and stability of our chosen institutions.

With these evils in plain and horrifying sight can it with truth be said that there is no danger to the precious heritage of freedom which we have for a time enjoyed? Can our full duty to the government be faithfully performed while we refuse to utter the words of warning which the occasion so vitally demands? Can we afford either to forget or ignore those pregnant lessons of wisdom and of warfare which we have gained from the history of the past?

We have an undeniable right to cherish for ourselves, and to foster among our children that spirit of true liberty and freedom whose corner stone — laid at Runnymede, in the Magna Charta days — was strengthened by the winning of the Bill of Rights, in the time-honored revolution of 1688, and crowned with the cap-sheaf of enduring victory in the immortal "Declaration of Independence," to which our ancestors pledged their "lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor."

And this liberty we must maintain and protect forever — not as the Socialists or Anarchists would have us do, with the malicious

promptings or hateful boasting of those who neither understand nor respect our institutions or laws — not in deference to that hideous idea of "Equality" which would elevate the blatant demagogue above the patriot — not in furtherance of that dangerous theory which would honor the dynamiter and the murderer as we do the statesman and the sage. But by a constant and unyielding adherence to the principles of law and order — by a rigid, unbiassed, and impartial application of every line and section that our Statute books contain — and by a brave and unflinching determination to quell tumult and riot, if need be, by the stern arbitrament of the sword. More than this we will never find it necessary to carry into effect. In doing less we would be recreant to every demand upon our honor and pride, as American citizens.

We welcome among us all who come in amity and peace — to build up homes and rear their families, under that broad ægis of protection which our flag affords. But they must respect the opinions of others and others' rights. They must learn to comprehend and practice the broadest toleration. In foreign lands the influence of their teaching, through all the centuries past, has been to inculcate the idea of brute force, in opposition to the operation of the law. We must give them education, so that they shall be rational and reflective. The great masses of them that were engaged in our recent riots were as ignorant and untutored as horses or donkeys. They really did not know sufficient to realise that the soldiers who were in the field against them were intellectually and morally, as well as physically, their infinite superiors. Ignorance, and in some cases virtual idiocy,

have rendered them ready and willing — even eager — to shed, without the least provocation, the blood of their fellow men. The signal failure of their methods of resistance to the law should have taught them how inefficient and valueless they are, and how necessary it is for them to reform their characters and ideas. They must be taught — by moral suasion, if possible; by force, if there should be need — that they are living in a country which tolerates all opinions, when peaceably expressed; even that which itself tolerates none; and that they must adopt and cultivate the spirit of the country, unless they shall wish to be regarded as enemies to the public peace.

By the word "force" is meant the employment of the State troops or "militia;" for they are the only means, within the possession of the commonwealth, of enforcing its own laws against domestic violence. The idea of a standing army is repugnant to the genius of our republican institutions. But in the judicious and wise belief that any government which has not behind it the power of physical defence is as weak and contemptible a thing as the world can hold every state in the Union has provided itself with the proper military machinery, by which to execute, within its own limits, the laws which its legislative authority may enact and to serve as an always ready auxiliary to the national troops, in defense against foreign foes or traitors to the public peace.

It is not only essential that such troops should be thoroughly trained, in order to understand the duties they may be called on to discharge, but it is equally as important that they should be selected from such a class of citizens as will fully appreciate the value of the

enforcement of proper discipline, and recognize the virtue of prompt obedience to the orders they may be required to execute.

To secure such material, and to offer to them the greatest possible attraction to take part in a militia organization, it is requisite that an opportunity for the most thorough military training shall be placed within their easy reach, and that suitable armories shall be erected for them, in which they can devote to their soldierly duties as much of their leisure time as they can possibly afford.

It was not until the spring of 1888 that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts officially recognized the very great importance of this fact. A good deal of discussion had taken place, at odd times, with regard to the matter, but it had not before this assumed any definite shape. At this period, however, it was decided that no more valuable time should be wasted in idle talk, and the General Court passed an act (which, on the 18th day of May, was approved by the executive authority of the State) authorizing the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Council, to appoint, within six months from the passage of the act, three persons, one of whom should be an experienced builder, who should be designated and known as the Armory Commissioners, and should receive such compensation, while engaged in the service of the Commonwealth, as the Governor and Council should determine. By the terms of the act the commissioners were ordered to acquire for the city of Boston, by purchase or otherwise, two suitable lots of land, in different parts of the city, and to erect on each lot a suitable building for an Armory, capable of furnishing accommodations for twelve companies of Infantry, for such

companies of Artillery, Cavalry, Signal and Ambulance Corps, and detachments of the militia, and for such of the militia headquarters, as are located in the city; and such rooms for Company, Battalion and Regimental drill and the care of State property as they might deem necessary, and should in the same manner, acquire, in each city of the State in which two or more companies of militia were located, a suitable lot of land, and erect thereon a suitable building for an Armory, capable of furnishing accommodations for as many companies and Militia headquarters, and detachments of the Militia as were located in such city, and such rooms for drilling and for the care of State property as the commissioners should deem necessary.

The act further provided that as soon as the said Armories, or any of them, should be complete, and so long as they might be used for Armories they should be under the exclusive control of the Adjutant-General, under the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, and that all expenses of the care, furnishing and repairing of the Armories should be provided for in the annual appropriation for the militia, and paid by the Commonwealth.

Under the provisions of this act Messrs. John W. Leighton, chairman, Joseph N. Peterson, of Salem, General Josiah Pickett, of Worcester, and Augustus N. Sampson, as clerk, were appointed Armory Commissioners, by Governor Oliver Ames, and they at once selected a lot of land on Irvington Street in Boston, for which \$75,000 were paid, as being a suitable location on which to erect the first Armory ever built in the State. The arrangement of and the planning for the building, at a total cost of \$225,000, was done by them, in consultation with Samuel Dalton,

Adjutant General, and other high military authorities, together with Messrs. Waite & Cutter, the accomplished architects, who make a specialty of building Armories, Court Houses and other large Public Buildings, and who in this special instance scored what was at the time regarded as a remarkable triumph, in erecting a Drill Shed, of 300 by 130 feet, spanned by five steel trusses — the largest single span of any building in New England.

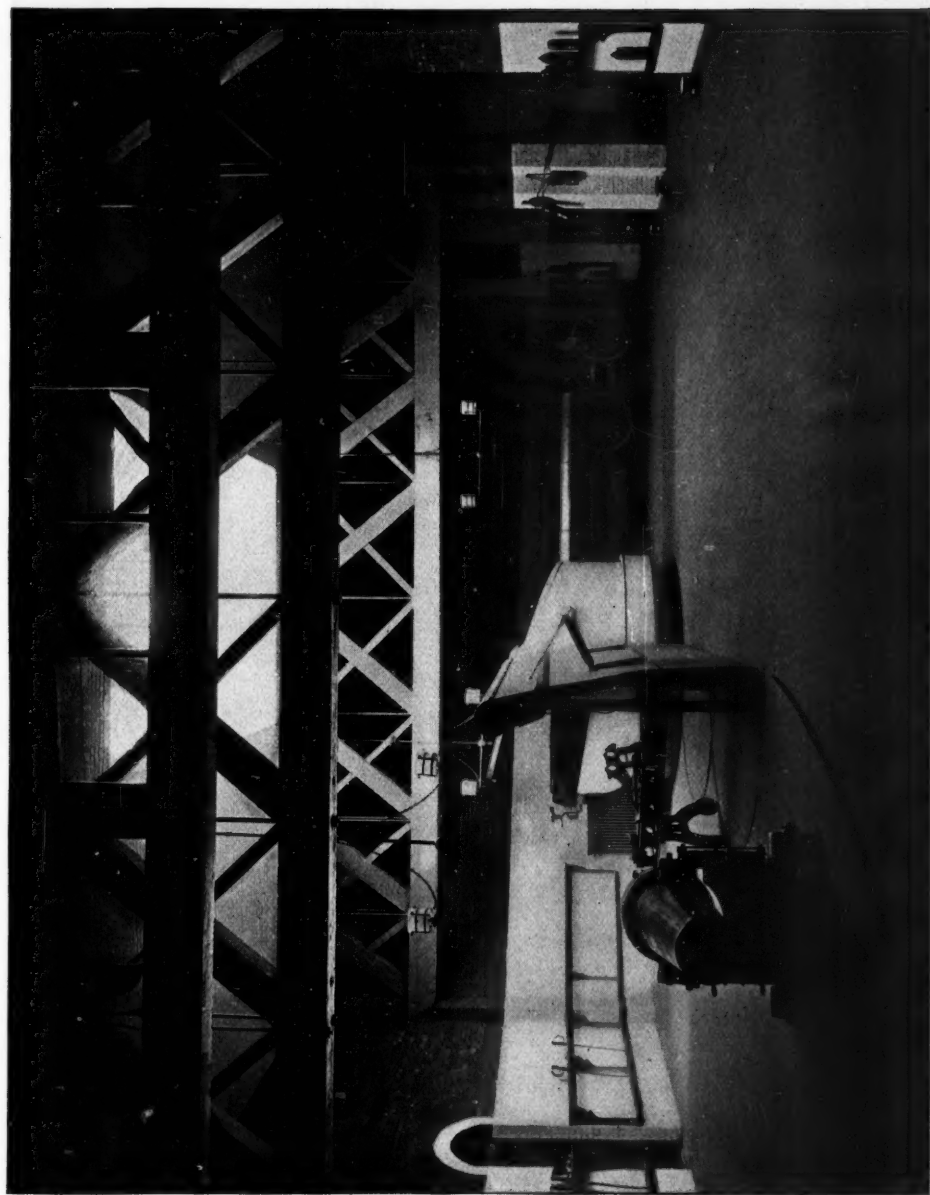
The building is divided into three sections; — the Head House, on Irvington Street, the Drill Shed in the Centre, and the Rear Shed, which is devoted to the uses of the Naval Battalion, and is entered from the bridge, on Dartmouth Street. The Head House contains the Brigade and Regimental Head Quarters, Company and Uniform Rooms for twelve companies of Infantry, and also several rooms devoted to the Signal Corps, Musicians, &c. The dimensions of the Head House are 70 by 130 feet, and it is three stories high, with towers and battlements, for Signal purposes, in case of need. The main tower is 100 feet high and the battlements extend well above, on flat roofs and would give excellent protection behind their walls. The height of the Drill Shed roof is 64 feet, and its area is well lighted and entirely free from obstruction, of any kind. The floor is of maple plank, well adapted for the evolution of the troops. The whole building is heated by steam, having two tubular boilers, 60 inches in diameter and 16 feet long.

From the outside the huge edifice — built of brick, sandstone and steel — very well conveys a correct idea of the purposes for which it was erected. Its extreme length and breadth, and the remarkable height to which its

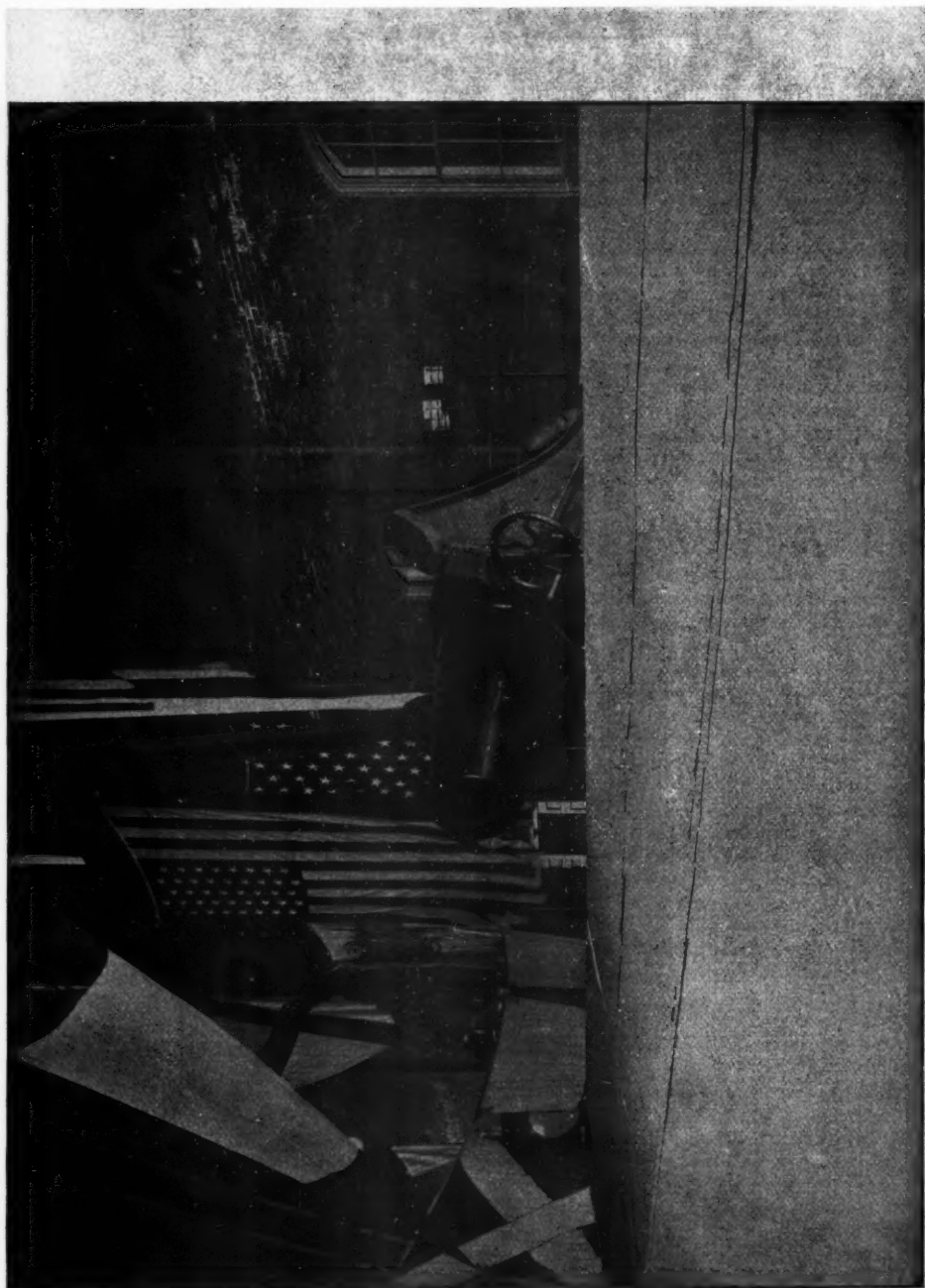
battlements have attained, together with the entire absence of any ornamental design in the manner of its construction, combine to impress even the most casual observer with the idea of its wonderful solidity and strength.

Its entrance, on Irvington Street, is by means of a wide and deep archway, through which the visitor passes, by a flight of heavy stone steps, to the heavy oak doors — studded with immense iron bolts — which seem thick and strong enough to resist any attack that may be made. Immediately beyond them is a large and lofty hall or vestibule, from which, on either side, passage is had to a number of commodious and plainly, though comfortably, furnished rooms, which serve as Regimental, Battalion, and Company Head Quarters and Offices, and in the arrangement of which special attention seems to have been paid to the actual necessities of the purposes for which they are used. There is not in any of them the slightest evidence of unduly extravagant elegance or unusual ornamentation. The utmost simplicity pervades every detail of their accompaniments and surroundings. Flags and other insignia of military life are to be seen in all of them. But aside from these the only bright places upon which the eye can rest are to be found in the busts and portraits of military commanders, both past and present, and the admirably grouped photographs of the officers of the Regiment and of the various companies.

In one of the rooms is a large picture of Ex-Governor Brackett and his military Staff. In another there is a good size tablet, in bronze, of Major General Benjamin F. Butler. An excellent portrait of the late Colonel Austin C. Wellington, the former Colonel of



DRILL ROOM OF THE NAVAL BATTALION.



IMITATION EARTH WORK AND LATEST PATTERN GUN FOR FORT PRACTICE.

the First Regiment, hangs upon the wall in the officers' room. And there, too, is to be seen a small, old fashioned cannon (mounted upon its carriage) which was surrendered to General Washington, by the British, at Yorktown, and was afterwards, during the war of the Rebellion, captured from the Confederates, by Union soldiers.

From the vestibule one passes into the Drill room, the size of which can only be properly denominated as being enormous, both in conception and design, and in which, on the evening of the fourth of March, occurred the very interesting presentation, to the First Regiment, by His Excellency Frederic T. Greenhalge, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, of the "Tri-Color" that was won by the Regiment, at the last State Rifle competition. In the presence of at least twenty-three hundred interested spectators, and after the command had been formed in line of masses, the Governor, followed by his staff, stepped to the front and in a few graceful and well merited words of compliment turned over to the care of the Regiment a new and very handsome State Flag. Then the "Tri-Color" was transferred to the keeping of the Regiment, by Col. Hall, Inspector General of Rifle Practice, who said, among other apposite remarks:

"This color not only represents the deathless principles of patriotism, but it calls forth in a high degree the traits of the true soldier—intelligence, ambition and vigilance. Let these be your watchwords, and let this trophy continue to incite you to the highest achievements.

As this tri-color passes before the eyes of your fellow-soldiers in the militia it will not only arouse in them admiration for the perseverance and energy of this regiment, but it will stimulate them

to better discipline, harder work and nobler standards."

The large hall is used for purposes of drill, for which its vast extent and firm, and at the same time, elastic, foundation render it particularly well adapted. Its mere appearance, bare of all the attractive accessories which usually accompany public halls of this vast size, immediately invests the beholder with a full realization of the fact that he stands in one of the outposts that guard the safety, and the dignity, and the honor of the State. The rear shed is devoted to the use of four of the companies of the Naval Brigade, and is equipped with boats, guns, cutlasses and all other necessary paraphernalia. There is a model of a vessel, on which the naval companies are taught the drill, and in the rear end of the large shed there is an accurate reproduction of a small fort or earthwork, wherein is mounted a model of one of the largest breech loading guns used in the service. On the railway side of the building, in the basement, there are rifle and revolver ranges, of adequate length and arrangement. The armory stands on made land which required for its successful manufacture 3,500 piles. There are ten rooms on the first floor of the Head House and sixteen rooms on each of the other floors. The work was begun on the 4th of December, 1888, and was finished just a year later, under the skillful supervision of Messrs. Connery & Wentworth, masons; Ira G. Hersey, carpenter; and of the Boston Bridge Works, in those portions which required steel. Above it all ever floats the American flag, representing the peace and prosperity of our magnificent nation, protected beneath by the elements of power and strength which are always ready to enforce their preservation.

Alexander G. Marshall.

THE DAWN OF SPRING.

"TWO soft-boiled eggs, James; not over three minutes, mind. I always eat eggs on Easter Monday; it has become second nature. I should'n't dare not to. It would make me feel some awful calamity was hanging over me."

"What a boy you are, Jack, one would never suspect you of being the first portrait painter in Boston. I wonder, with your inconsequential babblings that you don't get into trouble; but then there is a fate that looks out for such as you."

"Fate! Yes, that's it. I am a child of fate. The humdrum life of the every-day man never seems to get hold of me. I sometimes wonder why things happen so curiously in my life. Look around this room and tell me what man there is in the entire Club who has had less business training, and more what the boys call, 'bull luck?' " and Jack Andros, the portrait painter, sat back in his chair and gazed over the Puritan Club breakfast room.

There were not many of the members present, and those who were showed no marked contrast to the artist and his friend. They all looked as though cast in the same general mould, dressed by the same tailor, tutored by the same mentors and bent on the same occupation. They were in short, correct men of the modern school, neither radicals nor yet conservatives; æsthetes, nor ascetics.

Andros was large of frame, light in color, frank in countenance, with a not unmusical voice that spoke clearly and smoothly his chance fleeting thoughts. His friend was not so tall, not so light, not so open

of countenance, not so musical in voice, nor so free in expressing each passing impression. Perhaps it was the difference in their callings, for Charles Gray was a commission broker very successful in his business, very neglectful of his social duties, and inclined to look upon all things as subject to the rise or fall of the market. He followed his friend's gaze before replying to his vague question.

In the meantime James returned with the eggs and the rest of their breakfast, remarking with evident personal interest, "Which I 'opes the eggs is right, Mr. Handros, hand shall I hopen them for you?"

"No, no. That's one of my accomplishments; like Louis XVI. of France, I can open eggs to the delight of all observers. Hello! What's this? Why, the hen has inscribed something on this shell. Not that I'm curious, but what can she send as an Easter greeting. Whee-e, it's hot! R-u-t-h—Ruth Baker, Duxbury, Mass. Well, I'll be——if it isn't her address. Odd name for a hen, don't you think, Charlie?"

"No. Sounds like a hen to me, one of the antiquated, angular spinster hens who counts the eggs and their producers, and on finding that the numbers vary, seizes one of her feathered friends and proceeds to hold her over a nest until the customary tribute is forthcoming, and then writes her name and address on the prize as a sign that she never allows herself to be cheated by those who do her chores. Bah! I can see the red faced, red haired, red calico gowned old hen before me now."

"Bravo! bravo! Charles. You

are beginning to have quite a poetic imagination, only it isn't as poetic as it might be. You have drawn your picture, I will now describe mine: Look upon the genuine Miss Baker, of Duxbury, in the loft of an old farm; she seeks the hidden nest of her pet speckletop, and as she bends over the sweet smelling hay, the sifted light softened by the cobwebs in the little window, lightens her golden curls. A gingham dress, simple as her own sweet beauty, clings to her graceful form, revealing the woman that is but just developing within her; her soft, brown eyes are richly veiled by long, dark lashes, and even her eyebrows are darker than her hair. In the city her face would seem pallid, but it is not, it is only the clear white of that marvellous complexion bestowed by nature on her favorite daughters; a whiteness that but makes more bewitching the cherry-red of luscious lips, and the rosey coral of the shell-like ears. Ye Gods! she is the perfect outgrowth of our pure New England."

"Very pretty, my boy, but most unlikely. In fact, I may say, impossible. They only exist in novels or on your canvasses, those arca-dian maidens, certainly not in Duxbury."

"And why not in Duxbury? I tell you, man, I know something of the character of handwriting, and this Ruth Baker is all that I have described her."

"Don't be an ass, Jack, you do so love to be extreme. Why, there isn't one girl in a nation who would answer your description, unless," he added, with a grin, "she read it first and used it as a guide to make up by."

"Oh, let up, Mr. Cynic, I will not listen to you. Why, you would rob life of all its charm. Here we are without any evidence of this

sweet creature's existence but an inscription on an egg, and you prefer to see in her a red haired terror of historic origin. If you can't be more of a poet, by gad—of a man—I will disown you." And Andros cast a flushed glance at his calm little friend that betokened a very highly wrought imagination.

Charles Gray saw the look and realized that it meant more than the words, so he replied with a quiet smile, "Oh, well, perhaps I'm wrong; she may be young and fair, and brown eyed; but even then she is uncouth and under-bred; thinks poetry is either silly or 'just lovely'; makes eyes at the farmer's son who lives opposite; is proud of her store bonnet that she wears of a Sunday, and would smile and blush, and bow, and leave her beau or her home, or both if a city gent were to pay her one half a pretty compliment. They're all alike," and he laughed a low disagreeable laugh, to which Jack replied with some hauteur, "I am glad my thoughts are not such as you claim, and I wish that I could show you the real Ruth Baker, if only to prove, what I honestly believe, that our country girl more nearly resembles the ideal than the stage version of her would lead one to believe. Go to nature and see her, don't try to find her in our festering and degenerate theatres and novels."

The cold laugh greeted his words again and Charles took up his thread in the same tone of voice, "Yes, go to nature and find what sort of wenches she produces, but don't think to find reality in your poems and pictures. For pity's sake Jack, be a man, not a dreamer, cure yourself at once. Write to this vision or go and see her. You are worse and worse every day, and here's a chance for you to learn a lesson. A saucy country

girl boldly writes her name and address on an egg and sends it forth to make her fortune, she as good as asks for a reply. Write to her, if you dare."

"Oh if it comes to daring I will write because I am confident we shall hear nothing from it. Let me see, I have the address, and I promise you I will write to-day.

* * * * *

Some weeks later a brilliant company of artists and art lovers were assembled in Andros's studio ostensibly for the purpose of inspecting his latest canvasses the "Dawn of Spring" but in reality to while away an afternoon in that shop gossip that is both meat and drink to the *dillitantes*. This worthy group formed in itself the most fascinating of pictures. The room seemed to have a limitless capacity. On one side the great north window overlooking the Charles, was partly screened by soft hangings, while below its sill a stripe of old Gothic brocade formed the back of a long low seat. The east wall was broken with two alcoves built there to allow of various light effect in portrait backgrounds; here a deep-toned tapestry hung softly in front of the wall. There an embossed and gilded leather of Spain's best handicraft, formed a luminous bit of richness amid the mass of ancient carved oak frames. Oriental jade, Japanese bronzes, landscape canvasses, and brass-bound cabinets, added to the richness of the *ensemble*. The south wall was cut with two doors, one leading to the living rooms, the other to the staircase and elevator, for like all desirable studios this great room nestled under the roof and formed the jewel-filled crown of the Andros mansion. Perhaps the most picturesque corner of all this little

world was the balcony running across the west wall and broken in the centre by the great chimney that formed the hood for the seven foot fire-place where the embers of a huge log glowed cheerfully on their iron fire dogs.

Like the regulation Briton, Jack felt most at home when standing in front of his own hearth, a little mannerism of which his friends often reminded him.

"Look at Jack," laughed a violet-gowned blond, whose dutch bonnet was composed of two rosettes of chiffon connected by a Greek tiara of rhine stones and a narrow band of Siberian sable, "Look at Jack, he has taken root at last. I'm sure of it. The 'Dawn of Spring' has so warmed his heart that he has taken root and henceforth we shall find him climbing over his mantle shelf like the sturdy ivy."

"You absurd child," chimed in an older but more brilliantly bedecked daughter of New England, "Jack is only seeking inspiration before the warmth of his fire for his next picture to be called, 'When Summer Comes,' and he will paint me as 'Summer.'"

"Or Autumn," suggested Gray. "You'd make a fine Autumn with a grape vine and the yellow tunic."

"I won't be Autumn, you disagreeable man. I think it's very nice of me to be willing to be summer. Most girls wouldn't."

"But then most girls couldn't," replied the cynic. "And you are so clever you could look anything you wished."

On an easel in the centre of the studio stood a canvas, freshly painted, which represented the loft of an old barn, with its haymow, its delapidated window through which the blossoming apple trees could be seen, and in the centre of the pic-

ture the brown-eyed girl looking for eggs. Before the picture, Gray and Andros stood silently while a little lady in a costume *a la mode*, rich with lace and heavy with silk moire looked critically at the picture, holding her dutch bonneted head with its decorations of forget-

canvas. Yes, I am quite satisfied, I will take the picture for my gallery of moderns, if only you will work over the expression of the mouth; it is almost sad, and the dawn of spring should be joyous, quite joyous."

"Yes, I know" answered An-



"YOU ARE SURE YOU WON'T RUIN IT, I'D RATHER HAVE IT AS IT IS
THAN HAVE YOU RUIN IT."

me-nots, first one side then on the other, giving vent to her delight in a series of conventional phrases. "So charming in tone. Such a rich depth in the shadows. Oh! Mr. Andros there are very few who can catch the odor of the apple blossoms and paint them on to a

dros, "it is the mouth that troubles me, it will be sad. I have painted it three times and it will be sad, none of the models help me in the least, they are all so vulgar, and you ladies are not country girls, but I will try it again, Mrs. Treat."

"You are sure you wont ruin it,

I'd rather have it as it is than have you ruin it. I think I like it as it is—don't alter it. Should he alter it Mr. Gray?" "I think not as an ideal, but I claim it is all untrue. You know the picture had its origin in a discussion we got into about the probable identity of a girl whose name was written on an egg. This is Andros' idea of the girl." While Gray was speaking every one else remained silent, listening with various expressions of amusement, and before the general hum of conversation once more began, a tap was heard at the door. On the threshold in the flood of light that streamed across the studio, stood a winsome-eyed country girl, at least so she looked to the eyes of the gay crowd whose chattering was hushed for the moment in their expectancy as they looked to see which friend was coming to add one more to the babel of voices whose music so delighted them.

Her eyes grew even larger with surprise at the sight of strange faces looking at her; her lips parted but did not utter a word. Instead, she timidly handed Jack a letter unsealed and bearing the pristine freshness of a letter "opened by mistake."

The artist recognized his chirography on the envelope and was astonished to see the address, reading: "Miss Ruth Baker, Duxbury, Mass."

The letter he had thoughtlessly mailed Easter Monday now curiously returned to him.

He turned to Gray with something of disappointment and handed him the letter, who, before Jack could interfere began to read aloud slowly and impressively the following:—

My dear Miss Baker:

If the next time you come to Boston, you will call at 3 x x Beacon Street, and ask for Mr. Jack, you will meet a friend

whom you do not yet know, but who owes you a debt of gratitude.

Thanking you for your message with its greeting.

Yours,

JACK ANDROS.

A burst of merriment followed close upon the ending of the little screed and exclamations of "What a charming Easter greeting!" "How prettily romantic!" and the heliotrope-lady wore the air of satisfaction of one who has swallowed an unusually choice tid-bit.

Jack was more uncomfortable and choleric than his equable disposition warranted, but he forgot his own feelings when a sudden movement at the door attracted his attention.

The denouement of the unfortunate letter had made a painful impression on the puritanical mind of the little visitor.

Grieved by her reception she was silently leaving the splendid room filled with such heartless guests, her head, from which the picturesque hat had fallen was held erect as she glanced reproachfully and tearfully at Jack.

His chivalrous nature was aroused by the girl's appealing and silent grief caused by his companion's senseless chatter.

"Who gave you this letter" he asked, holding the unlucky missive in his hand which had caused such embarrassment to both.

She turned and with a tearful and intense look in her sweet eyes said simply "It was sent to me, I am Ruth Baker, of Duxbury."

"Step in here!" and Jack opened the door of a small reception room.

The heavy draperies, redolent with perfume that ever clings to Eastern stuffs fell behind them, shutting out the sounds of pleasantries and mirth that were occasioned by some new topic.

"Please sit here," and drawing

a low chair before a glowing hearth Jack seated his little visitor.

He was really anxious to make amends both for his impertinent letter and the ungracious reception to the child.



RUTH BAKER.

"So you are Ruth Baker, and you have answered my note in person."

"I came to you" and Ruth fastened her gaze on Jack's perturbed face, "not that I understood the letter, but to find out why you wrote to me at all."

Jack was uneasy, evidently the girl's manner was not affectation and from it he knew that she was innocently unconscious of the decided impertinence of the whole affair.

"You see" he said, and his words

sounded, to his ears most clumsily uttered.

"You see your name was on the egg and it pleasantly suggested that I should write to you."

Ruth's face wore an expression of bewilderment.

"What egg," she asked blankly.

"Do you not remember writing your name on an egg that was sent with others to market in Easter week?"

The look of perplexity suddenly left her countenance, she did remember that one tiresome day spent in packing the eggs she had gleefully finished her task by inscribing her name on the smooth brown surface of the last egg which had gone into the box, bearing her address to this stalwart stranger.

"I hope my letter has not annoyed you" said Jack when she had explained how it all happened.

"No sir, but I did not understand it. I could not show it to my father; he is too ill, I could not disturb him."

"And your mother?" gently asked Jack.

"She died many years ago," answered Ruth gravely. "This morning I came to the city to see a good doctor who helped my father last summer, but he gives me little hope. O I cannot bear to go back to him with such bad news and he will read it in my face even though I do not tell him."

Overcome by the anxiety and exhaustion of the day, poor little Ruth laid her sunny head on the side of the chair and cried for sheer relief.

Jack rendered the best possible service by quietly leaving the room for a few moments and when he returned he was accompanied by his Aunt Mehitable, whose sympathy he had aroused and who was carrying a steaming tea tray.

"This is my aunt, Miss Ruth,

she thinks she once knew your father."

Ruth looked shyly at the kindly face of the spinster-aunt, a face that at once reassured her by its calm strength.

"Is your father Capt. Ezra Baker?" said Aunt Mehitable. "Yes ma'm, but he has never been to sea since poor mamma died. We have lived together alone on grandpapa's farm." Aunt Mehitable nodded her head. She had heard of her old friend's grief caused by the loss of his young wife; a grief so irresistible that it had slowly and mercilessly sapped his best life, leaving only the devotion that was given to his one child.

"What a life of sacrifice her's has been" thought the good woman as she watched the girl eating the delicious toast and fragrant steaming Pekoe she had prepared for her, while Ruth fatigued as she was could but accept the hospitality, furnished by the "five o'clock tea," Jack and Aunt Mehitable sipping the cup in unison with her.

"Sir, the guests are leaving" suggested the smooth-faced servant, his trim figure hidden by the parted hangings. Jack appeared again among his friends who were informally taking their leave in little gossip groups.

The Autumn lady rustled up, and with a piquant air whispered, "Has the little Puritan quite won you? Mr. Gray has convinced me you are unusually and may I say unnecessarily impressed by this little chit; take care, beware, my romantic friend, mayhaps fate has taken your destiny into her hands at last."

"My dear Mrs. Furnace" suavely returned the harassed artist. "You are at fault in your reasoning. I am most justly punished for a bit of jesting that savors strongly of college days and Dresden rioting.

Like previous misdemeanors I hope this will be forgiven."

"My dear boy," and Mrs. Furnace's eyes actually moistened in her interest. "May you some day find your life's happiness. I can wish you nothing better," and with a motherly flutter the last guest vanished.

Ruth had confided her sorrow—made greater to-day by the ominous words of the wise doctor—to Aunt Mehitable, and the good lady wiped her eyes in sympathy with the girl's troubles.

"Jack," she said, as her nephew returned once more to the cosy little room, you must take this poor child home, it is too late for her to travel alone, and she cannot leave her father all night. She tells me there is no one with him but a garrulous old woman who I am positive knows nothing." Aunt Mehitable's eyes had taken a look of resolute determination that Jack knew was indicative of strong feeling. "And Jack," she had followed him outside the room, "you must stay there to-night, and if the poor Captain is really doomed send for me. This poor child is unfit to go through such a trial alone," and returning she gave Ruth kind messages, tenderly bidding her good-bye.

They rattled down to the dingy old station in the heart of the city, Ruth feeling the protection that the true gentleman inspires.

Soon they were speeding towards the country home, and the dear father, who watched longingly through the tiny paned window, waiting for his little daughter. He suffered more keenly while she was away; the sharp pain seemed to grip closer about his heart.

The old nurse came to his eyes a meddlesome woman, as she trotted amiably about the room. He

longed for the deft fingers of his little Ruth to smooth his tired pillow. He longed for the music of her fresh young voice that always spoke so tenderly.

"Ah!" he sighed, as in utter exhaustion he laid back and closed his eyes, "what is she to do when I am gone, who is to teach her, who is to love her?"

* * * * *

During the journey Jack tried to divert his little companion's thoughts by conversation, but it soon flagged. They were of the sick father.

Even the magazines and fruit did not arouse her interest, though she gave him a grateful glance at each kind attention.

The little nosegay of violets gave her a momentary pleasure, for Ruth was a child of nature, and the little spring flowers she greeted as her dear recovered friends.

The weather-beaten country station was reached at last, and the stage-driver, who was also the mail-carrier, said, as they clambered into the lumbering vehicle, "Miss Eldridge, thet's with yer father, stopped me on my way down to the train. She sez he's worse and told me to send up Dr. Bill."

Poor Ruth could hardly wait till the phlegmatic and moderate man had gotten his post-bag and sundry boxes on the team. The mile and a half ride seemed an endless way, and when she saw the doctor's quaint old gig in the doorway, with the eyes of his old white horse gazing solemnly at her, she felt the same sinking feeling in her heart that the sight of the doctor's team ever had given her since she was a child.

"Dear father," she said, as she hurried into the bed-room, off the living room, that the old captain

had always slept in since his long illness began. "Dear father!"

The stern, rugged countenance of Dr. Bill was very tender as he held up a warning hand, while with the other he held the wrist of his patient.

For the first time in many years Ruth saw in her father's face a sweet peaceful expression; it was almost joyful. His dear eyes looked deep, deep into her own as he said "my little Ruth."

That night Jack Andros telegraphed for his Aunt Mehitable.

* * * * *

After the quiet funeral that had followed so closely after Jack's and Ruth's arrival, Aunt Mehitable begged Ruth to return to the city and live with her. Ruth could only gladly consent. She knew that in this loving benevolent woman she had found a loyal and true friend.

* * * * *

As the early summer came Ruth and the placid Mehitable often found their way to the studio where the "Dawn of Spring" still remains unfinished. One day Jack persuaded her to pose for the face, and when he had finished, it seemed quite perfect, not alone to him and to Aunt Mehitable who always found his pictures perfect, but to Mrs Treat, who purchased it, and to the public and the critics who awarded it a prize at the great exhibition; and the best part of it all was that Mr. Gray learned to believe in poetry and country girls, and most of all in Ruth.

Why he even fixed his affections on the Dawn of Spring, and never would allow that Jack's portrait of his wife was to be compared with it, although as a likeness, Mrs A., painted by John Andros, was certainly more perfect.

Colby Campbell.

THE FLOOD TIDE OF A PLAYER'S FORTUNES.

IN our February number were traced the earlier knots of John Gilbert's voyage to prosperity; but there must be another glance at his harbor clearance and swelling sails.

When the old Tremont finally came to grief Gilbert was somewhat disheartened, for he had been stage manager.

The last sentence spoken publicly at the old Tremont, in June, 1843, was by Mr. Gilbert, but not in the play. In the words of Oliver Stebbins, Esq., of South Boston, long a student and collector of things dramatic:

The curtain having fallen for the last time, he rose in a stage box, and indignantly protested against the action of the owners in closing the theatre and selling the property, saying substantially, that although for a number of years the house had met with a series of losses, business had recently so improved as to warrant the building's continuance as a place of amusement.

Our comedian was not easily cast down, however, but took a new lease of professional life. The department of "old men" on the stage is most important; and includes, besides those otherwise mentioned in these pages, such characters as Lord Townly, in Vanbrugh's *Provoked Husband*; Sir William Dorrillon, in *Wives as They Were*, by Mrs. Inchbald; Lord Ogleby, in *Clandestine Marriage*, by Garrick and Colman; Triplet, in Charles Reade's *Masks and Faces*; Sir Abel Handy, in Morton's *Speed the Plough*; Matthew Elmore, in *Love's Sacrifice*; Mr. Oakley, in the elder Colman's

Jealous Wife; Old Dornton, in Holcroft's *Road to Ruin*; Old Rapid, in *Cure for the Heartache*; Mr. Hardy, in *Belle's Strategem*, by Mrs. Cowley; Old Mirabel, in *The Inconstant*; Sir William Fondlove, in Sheridan Knowles's *Love Chase*. "All these," justly remarks Mr. Stebbins, "may be said to form the backbone of the legitimate drama; and although surpassed by other comedians in certain plays, in the greater number of elderly English parts Gilbert has left no equal."

Certainly Mrs. Gilbert, for by this time John had married, was one of the best "old women" ever honoring the boards. She was a native of Baltimore, and her maiden name was Maria Death,—pronounced Deeth, at a later period. Her first husband was Mr. Campbell. Compelled to depend upon her own exertions, she became an actress, and thus met Mr. Gilbert, to whom she was married in 1835, in a Boston Episcopal church. On a visit to Baltimore Mrs. Gilbert once took a friend to see her birthhouse, calling special attention to a cupboard whence she had aforesaid surreptitiously confiscated certain lumps of loaf sugar; and she valued a powder-horn made by her grandfather, a Revolutionary patriot. Her Nurse, in *Romeo and Juliet*, was considered so remarkably good that we are glad to be able to present a likeness of her in that character, as well as in her ordinary attire.

With the transformation of the Tremont into a Temple, the old

Federal Street Theatre, which had been rearranged for miscellaneous purposes, once more struggled into recognition, though not for a permanent reign. In the restoration company were the Gilberts; and he not only read, on August 24, 1846, the prize address, by Frances S. Osgood, but became stage manager. The next year the Gilberts went to the Princess's, London, for old English characters; and thus two Americans were able to interpret to the mother country her own dramatis personæ.

While abroad Mrs. Gilbert procured a quantity of elegant point lace, and this she often wore on the stage,—especially in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, in addition to her red petticoat and pointed hat. She also had an elegant fan, made of feathers plucked from a stately peacock, who had long flaunted them in the old yard on Richmond Street.

In 1848 the Gilberts came again to the New York Park and Bowery, and in 1851 were in Philadelphia. Between these dates Mr. Gilbert appeared in a Boston performance which has escaped general notice. For its program the writer is indebted to his friend Stebbins, who owns the original. On Thursday evening, October 10, 1850, at the Howard Athenæum, was presented the First Part of *Henry the Fourth*, under the management of Baker and English. A. J. Neaffie and Gilbert, as Hotspur and Falstaff, were starred as of like importance. Lady Percy was assumed by Mrs. W. H. Smith, the wife of the first manager of the Boston Museum. Manager W. B. English's wife was Hostess Quickly; and her youthful daughter by a former marriage, after-

wards the celebrated Lucille Western, was Prince John. Mr. Stebbins adds that Gilbert put into certain scenes more mock dignity than even Hackett, our model Falstaff. Francis, the Tapster, was a Mr. Raymond, not the famous Colonel Sellers of a later day, but O. B. Raymond, the original Toots, when *Dombey & Son* was dramatized. W. Cowell, the husband of Anna Cruise of National Theatre fame, was Sir Richard Vernon. Others of the cast were as follows: the King, S. Johnston; Prince Henry, G. J. Arnold; Lord Douglas, White; Sir Walter Blunt, R. Stephens; Earl of Westmorland, Hodges; Earl of Northumberland, Davis; Earl of Worcester, Mason; Poins, E. Warden; Bardolph, Ross.

At this period came a domestic change which proved a lasting blessing. As has already been mentioned, Mr. Gilbert's half-brother, Richard Bartlett, married Miss Gavitt, of Salem. This naturally led to an acquaintance with her sister, Sarah Hay Gavitt. After our players' return from England it was proposed that Miss Gavitt should become the companion and assistant of Mrs. Gilbert, both at home and on their journeys. The attachment between the trio became very strong, ending only with death, and Miss Gavitt was with the Gilberts constantly during their membership of the new Boston Theatre company.

The Americanized Encyclopedia Britannica dates this engagement from 1856 to 1859; but that spacious and surpassingly convenient theatre was opened in the September of 1854, the Gilberts appearing the first night as Sir Anthony and Mrs. Malaprop. Our side bust view of Gilbert's Sir

Anthony is from an exceedingly fine photograph by Falk of New York.

Mrs. Hudson Kirby being delayed in her ocean trip, Mrs. W. H. Smith took her place as Julia. Manager Barry brought to the new field Honest Tom Comer, his former music-director at the Tremont, who in the interval had been at the Boston Museum. That night he acted Sir Lucius, in *The Rivals*; for he could do good service in such parts as Colonel Damas, in *Lady of Lyons*; and as the veteran Michael, in that old French play, *Lucille*, which Mrs. George Barrett used sometimes to try.

We have a specimen of Gilbert's clear handwriting in his copy of the Opening Address, which he delivered, afterward revealing the hitherto unknown writer as Thomas W. Parsons (not Theophilus, as has been erroneously stated) who was also the author of many oft-quoted poems of rare value, such as his metrical version of the Episcopal Collects.

Boston's beloved Warren could play innumerable parts equally well: Kent, in *King Lear*; Haversack, in *The Old Guard*; Tipthorp, in *Who Stole the Pocket-book*; Laird Small, in *King of the Commons*; and he was almost unapproachable in the delicately mingled pathos and humor of such characters as Sir Peter Teazle and the Parvenue; yet few actors can wholly conceal their vocal and facial individuality.

Though Mr. Gilbert's repertory was somewhat limited by an unavoidable sameness of bearing, his vocal variations were noteworthy; and how hard he worked! He told a friend he had played over

twelve hundred parts; and that one evening he appeared in three plays he had never tried before.

Allusions to characters in which the writer saw the Gilberts at the Boston may afford some idea of old-fashioned stock requirements, which bore with peculiar stress upon a man of Mr. Gilbert's temperament; yet he was a perpetual delight, often rising to lofty heights, and never guilt of bathos.

He had farcical parts, such as Pepper, in *Don't Judge by Appearances*; Fumer, in *Laughing Hyena*, a touch-and-go part for which he was not well adapted; Meagrim, in *Blue Devils*; the husband, in *Mr. and Mrs. Lilly W.* He played Coobidy, in *Crinoline*, designed to ridicule the fashionable hoops, half extemporizing his way through a part his soul abhorred. In *Shocking Events*, another forgotten farce, he was Dr. Griffenhoof; and in *Twenty Minutes with a Tiger*, the fiery Chili Chutnee. In that faded roseleaf, *Popping the Question*, the Gilberts were Mr. Primrose and Miss Biffin. In the comedietta line was his Sir Mark, in *Roland for an Oliver*, with Mrs. Gilbert as Mrs. Fixture; and they ran well together in *Pride of the Market*, as the baron and marketwoman. In a new American comedy, called *Self*, by Mrs. Sidney F. Bateman, he was the self-opinionated John Unit, a retired banker; and she was the old nurse, Aunt Chloe, though negresses were not her forte. How absolutely at home they both were as Lord and Lady Duberly, in *Heir-at-Law*.

When Adelaide Phillips, fresh from European study and success, sang in Dibdin's *Cabinet*, Mr. Gilbert had the small part of a



MRS. GILBERT AS *Nurse*.
MR. GILBERT AS *Caliban*.

MRS. JOHN GILBERT.
MR. GILBERT AS THE *Priest*. DION BOUCICAULT AS *Con*.
AND IONE BURKE AS *Eileen*



MR. GILBERT AND HIS NEPHEW, J. G. PIERCE.

MR. GILBERT AS *Sir Anthony*.

MR. GILBERT AS *The Priest in Shaughraun*.

servant; but what finish he put into it! He was McGilpin, in *Highland Reel*, an incoherent piece by O'Keefe; yet the same evening he had a part admirably suited to his style, that of Sir Solomon Cynic, in Frederick Reynolds's comedy, *The Will*, Mrs. Gilbert having the equally suitable part of Mrs. Rigid.

When Boucicault came with his wife, Agnes Robertson, in *Blue-belle*, Gilbert was John Barleycorn, cured of wife-beating by a hair from the same dog's tail; and in that author's revamped and weird *Vampire*, Gilbert was Dr. Reese. This dramatist was often here, with superb presentations. He took advantage of the Sepoy Rebellion to produce his *Relief of Lucknow*, and Gilbert was Surgeon Blunt; while in the succeeding afterpiece, *Brother Ben*, the Gilberts appeared as Commodore Cutlass and old Dorothy.

Forty years ago great classic reproductions were current in London, especially at Sadler's Wells, under the management of that eminent artist, Samuel Phelps, the mingled Macready and Irving of his day, who magnificently presented nearly all the Shakespeare plays. Following this trans-Atlantic example, the Boston had a few superb revivals. In *The Tempest*, Barry and E. L. Davenport both played Prospero. That Gilbert's Caliban was remarkably good is shown by one fact. An inartistic Boston merchant, lured by popular praise into a side balcony, came away after the monster's first brief appearance, declaring that such an abortion was never seen in "heaven above, the earth beneath, nor yet in the waters under the earth," — which was precisely the effect

intended; and this description is fully borne out, not only by memory, but by a pencil sketch of Gilbert's Caliban, drawn in 1856, by W. L. Champney. How Gilbert could dance and sing

Ban", Ban', Ca-Caliban, —
Has a new master, — get a new man!

Another spectacular production was *Henry the Fifth*, with George Vandenhoff as the King, Gilbert as Fluellen, and his wife as Dame Quickly; though the Welsh Soldier's dialect was somewhat weak, and Mine Hostess was rather slow for her name. How excellent his Old Adam, in *As You Like It*, and how truly he illustrated, in his own life, those lines about old age "as a lusty winter, — frosty, but kindly." How satisfying his Polonius, when *Hamlet* was produced with lavish moonlight and battlement effects for Edwin Booth, then hardly five-and-twenty.

In *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Mrs. Barrow as Oberon, and Mrs. John Wood as Puck, Gilbert was Bottom, and it was the gossip of the streets that his clever imitation of Forrest, in the "raging rocks" apostrophe, was aggravated by that tragedian's refusal to allow his mimic on the same boards with himself. Their quarrel was not at first personal, but came about through the divorce suit. The news that Forrest had lost his case reached a Philadelphia stage at the close of a performance. Gilbert threw up his hands with a Hurrah, espousing Mrs. Forrest's side of the imbroglio. In ten minutes this fact was unkindly communicated to Forrest, and hence their future antagonism.

Such noble and artistic scenery as Hayes furnished! There was a splendid production of *Macbeth*,

for Mr. Forrest; though the moon shone munificently bright over Duncan's murder, and there was no suggestion of the unprecedented gale mentioned in the text. In this great tragedy Mr. Gilbert said he had assumed every character except the Gentlewoman and Lady Macbeth; but he was not in it at this era, though, in accordance with time-honored tradition, all the other members of the company, not otherwise in the cast, were among the singing witches, to speed Hecate's chariot skyward. This occult part was sung by John Henry Proctor, whose surname only was billed; but he was a brother of that sterling tragedian, Joseph Proctor, who says, in a friendly letter to the writer:

My brother's rich bass was often heard in the city theatres, not only in this part, but as the Highpriest in *Pizarro*; and he also sang the *Guy Manning* music for *Miss Cushman*. He was a member of the *Handel and Haydn*, and other musical societies, and was one of the *Tremont Vocalists*, a concert-giving quartet. He had other business, however, and only devoted to music a portion of his time, though always in demand. Once he came most opportunely to the rescue, when I was playing an engagement in *Buffalo*. Just before the curtain was to rise on the music scenes, came word that Mr. Ince, who was to sing *Hecate*, was too ill to appear. There was no substitute provided, and there seemed to be no alternative but to cut the music, — an unheard-of proceeding in those days. Suddenly in walked Brother John, who had just arrived unexpectedly from *Boston*.

"You have come in the nick of time!" said I.

"For what?" said he.

"For *Hecate*!"

"All right! Where's the dress?"

In a few moments he was ready; and to say the music went off grandly would be to put it mildly. Everybody was delighted, and the other singers seemed inspired by his resonant tones.

Though not a *Bostonian* by birth, Joseph Proctor richly deserves that fame, and was more

than once specially invited to play the *Thane* to *Charlotte Cushman's Lady Macbeth*. For his benefit he one night revived the stilted tragedy of *Alexander the Great*. *Mrs. Kirby* and *Mrs. Barrow* were the *Rival Queens*, with contention said to be more than half genuine; and the star's old associate, Gilbert, had the serious part of *Clytus*.

Gilbert was the asinine *Don Gaspar*, and *Mrs. Gilbert* the *Court Duenna*, prim as buckram, in an excellent play, *Zafari*, brought out by *Wyzeman Marshall*, and prepared by a local playwright, *Dr. J. S. Jones*, who freely adapted it from other dramas, chiefly *Ruy Blas*; though it differed from *Victor Hugo's* tragedy by having the gypsy lackey turn out to be the absentee King, returning in disguise to disconcert treachery. In another well-arranged play, *Olympia*, perhaps suggested to its *Boston* author, *A. Wallace Thaxter*, by *Scribe's Adrienne*, Gilbert had the excellent part of the old French actor.

In a revival of the pretty *Invincibles*, with its old-time melodies, such as "My love is like a red, red rose," and "I have plucked the fairest flower," Gilbert renewed a success of his *Tremont* years, as the bewildered *General Verdun*; while in a burlesque on *Lord Byron's Corsair*, he was *Seedy Pasha*.

Excellent was his *Don Manuel*, in a sort of play it was once the fashion to adapt from the Spanish, *She Would and She Would Not*, by *Colley Cibber*, — always a favorite with *Mrs. Barrow*, partly for its picturesque fencing and male attire. In *Soldier's Daughter*, Gilbert was *Governor Heartall*; and the same evening, in *Pet of*

the Petticoats, Mrs. Gilbert was Sister Vinaiger, a name mother to the character.

In 1856 Mrs. Barrow chose *She Stoops to Conquer* for her benefit, and the Gilberts' were inimitable as the Hardcastles. He also appeared that night in *John Gilbert and Daughter*, written by young Mr. W. W. Clapp, already the author of a valuable *History of the Boston Stage*. The skit introduced the supposedly retired star and stage-struck girl in specialties, and was passing bright, but did not well bear its repetition next season. At another Barrow benefit Gilbert played *Sir Harcourt*. The Barrows lived in rooms across the street, and we youngsters watched the portly husband at his window, nervous over the evening paper; for this "distinguished amateur" was to play *Meddle* and make a speech. E. L. Davenport was *Dazzle*; and his wife, Fanny Vining, appeared as *Grace* for that one evening.

French plays were rapidly coming into vogue. Boston's first fine taste of *Camille* came with the tear-compelling *Matilda Heron*, who had a moribund mazurka written for it by her husband, Robert Stoepel. The Gilberts were the obdurate father and the greedy milliner; and the play's morality was censured, as is to-day the case with Ibsen's *Ghosts*, and Du Maurier's *Trilby*. In *Retribution*, Gilbert was the hoodwinked *Morisset*; and in *Marble Heart* he was the lantern-bearing *Diogenes* of the dream, who becomes the sarcastic editor *Volage*. Of one evening the writer's diary records, that one could hardly imagine Gilbert's *Orpheus* (in *Medea*) as charming the dolphins; but he

was in his element as *Carraway Culpepper*, in the afterpiece, *My Son Diana*.

With Christmas, 1857, came a triple bill. There was first a new aspirant, Mrs. Annie Senter, in *Satan in Paris*, with Mrs. Gilbert as a fashionable *Madame*; next, Selby's comedy, *Ask No Questions*, with the Gilberts as the old soldier and the Baroness; and lastly, *Two Buzzards*, with Mrs. Gilbert as the old maid. Presently we saw her again in *Quiet Family*. In Mrs. Mowatt's *Armand*, produced for Avonia Jones, Mrs. Gilbert was old *Babette*; and she was capital as the tart mother-in-law and wheedled grandmother in *Little Treasure*, a piece not despoiled of its excellence by Harris's heedless condensation from the original French. During the second season a valuable silver service was presented to the Gilberts by their friends.

Some two and a half years after the theatre opened, *The Rivals* was repeated for a Gilbert benefit. As they were especially friendly with Mrs. Hudson Kirby, she was very willing to play the juiceless *Julia*. For the inevitable afterpiece the Gilberts gave that rare farce, *Doctor Dilworth*, he playing the pedantic philologist, and she the wife, whose grammar upsets his nerves. If Mr. Gilbert hated to do anything it was to make speeches, which he never considered his forte; but he could speak well, as this address testifies, for it was in keeping both with his personal feelings and his assumed part. Listen to him!

Once more I have the pleasure of appearing before you, to offer, for Mistress Gilbert and myself, sincere thanks for your continued kindness, and for the warm feeling you have so often manifested

towards us in days gone by, which has not—judging from the friendly faces I see before me—suffered any diminution. Believe me, my heart warms to see so many good old friends before me, and so many of my townsmen. After all, there is no place like home, and no audience like a Boston audience. For this substantial compliment I thank you again and again.

Alas! Boston was not to be their home, after the costly Barry management was over; though Gilbert came to the same theatre in 1862, in a fine company, including John Owens, William Wheatley, E. L. Davenport, Thomas Barry, Chas. Barron, Mary Wells, Mrs. Gladstone, Emma Taylor, he playing Sir Robert Bramble, in *Poor Gentleman*, and Sir John Vesey, in *Bulwer's artificial* but interesting comedy, *Money*.

Time rolled on. Mr. Gilbert lost his wife in 1866; and with her passed away stage traditions which soon will survive only in name. The second Mrs. Gilbert, whom he married in New York eighteen months later, was not an actress. Who could she be, but the honored friend of the family, Sarah H. Gavitt. It speaks volumes for Mr. Gilbert that he was acceptable as a husband by one who had known him in the home intimacy of twenty years. Thus began a second happy union, ending only with Mr. Gilbert's life. If you ask what kinship had Mrs. Sarah Gilbert with her husband before their wedding, he was a sort of step-brother-in-law; that is, she was his half-brother, Richard Bartlett's, wife's sister.

In after years Gilbert came to Boston occasionally for star engagements, but his main work was elsewhere, chiefly at Wallack's Theatre, in the metropolis, for whose chief the kind actor played

many subordinate parts, such as Mr. Stout, in *Bulwer's Money*, and Miles McKenna, in *Rosedale*; though he did not care to have his beloved young niece see him in the latter, so out of his ordinary line, and he fairly bewildered her by his chaffing about the splendid costume he was to wear. We are allowed to reproduce a photograph of him by Falk in a part he liked, the good Irish pastor, in Boucicault's *Shaughraun*; and also a rarer picture, called the Tailor's Thimble, representing the scene where Con tells the priest that he only took a thimbleful of whiskey, though it proved to be the bottomless article. In this group the author is himself the *Shaughraun*, and Ione Burke is his sweetheart.

Between Gilbert's professional departure from Boston and the close of his career, there was an interval of thirty years; but the friendly visits of himself and wife to the Old Bay State were frequent; and in the heated term they generally had with them, at their summer place in Manchester-by-the-Sea, the beloved household of Mr. Gilbert's half-niece, Mrs. Annie Gavitt (Bartlett) Peirce, who is also a direct niece of the second Mrs. Gilbert.

Our actor was very fond of children. Nothing he enjoyed more than making faces, and otherwise teasing them, and then making friends again. He would stretch himself on the floor with them playing about him, like the fairies around Nick Bottom. His relations to Mrs. Peirce's little ones were peculiarly endearing. Their oldest son—born in 1879, a graduate of the Dwight School as valedictorian in the class of 1893, under the veteran master

Address,
~~to the~~ spoken at the opening
of the new Theatre in Boston,
by John F. Gilbert Esq.

September 11 - 1854.

written by Dr. Mrs. W. Parsons of Boston. Mass

Welcome! bright eyes, that make our splendors pale:
Ye reverend heads! ye generous hands, all hail!
And thou, proud city! to thy triumphs past
Add the tonight, nor let it be thy last;
Be it thy glory to the coming age
To have transmitted no adulterate Stage;
That aftertimes may count this beautiful dome
Dear as the hearth-stone of a father's home.

Back, airy beings! people of the brain!
Ye kingly shadows! in your graves remain:
Stay, ye weed women! wait the fatal bell:
Thou master of the charin! suspend the spell
Be not impatient on our scene to burst,
You shall be summoned — but your herald first.

James A. Page, and now, 1895, in the Brookline High School—was named John Gilbert Peirce. It was through this namesake that the like Uncle John was gradually transformed into Uncle Norney, or plain Norney, as he is still called in the family circle.

With no hint where he was going, or what he was to see, Johnny was taken one matinee to Wal-lack's. The little fellow enjoyed the orchestra, and wanted to know if it was a German street band, and presently gazed with wonder at the rising curtain. Anon the childish brow puckered at the sound of a familiar voice. Suddenly his face lighted up with pleasure as he exclaimed: "Is this a theatre? Is that Uncle Norney?" When a little older he was one night in a proscenium box at the Boston Museum, when an actress, struck with the resemblance, asked if he was Mr. Gilbert's grandson. Incited thereto by the popular portrait of Gladstone and his Grandson, Mr. Gilbert was desirous of having a similar double photograph; so in 1884, just prior to his last foreign trip,—when the boy was five years old, and the old gentleman seventy years his senior,—Uncle Norney took Johnny to Notman's, and procured the admirable likeness we are permitted to reproduce, though the plan was concealed from mamma, lest she fix up her laddie too much for the occasion.

Mr. Gilbert loved his native city and neighborhood. When the easterly part of Richmond St. was rapidly degenerating, the westerly residents unanimously requested the new name of Parmenter; but Mr. Gilbert fancied this a spurt of ward politics, and accordingly pro-

tested against it in a letter to his friend, Dexter Smith, the poet, critic, and playwright. In his public career of sixty years, Mr. Gilbert accumulated a valuable histrionic library, containing not only plays, but other dramatic works. This has been given to the Boston Public Library; but his multitudinous playbills are still a family treasure.

When the Nestor of the American stage, he expressed his conviction that the proper casting of a standard play was deplorably impossible; but it should not be forgotten that many an old piece (as witness the recent Harvard reproduction of Jonson's *Epicene*) is so false to life that public taste demands something better. Trash is the just complaint of every age; but could we one night see some classic produced in present fashion,—and then, by Edison's life-reproducing phonograph and kinetoscope, see and hear repeated some old-time performance of the same play,—we should marvel at the vast improvement, coming so gradually, like growth from boyhood to manhood, as to stultify our judgment. Stock companies gave actors a thorough roundabout training, bringing them into desirable personal relations with the local public; but never did these companies give the productions possible where each player is chosen with special reference to the demands of the hour. There are people who wish to go back from bathroom to wellcurb; but when they try it, they don't like it.

The family have no precise record of Mr. Gilbert's very last appearance on the mimic stage; but it was probably with the Jefferson and Drew Company, in The

Rivals. This earthly stage he quitted forever on June 17, 1889, when within nine months of completing his fourscore years. The cause of death was Bright's disease, and it occurred at his home with the Peirces, at 45 Rutland Street. The burial service was held three days later, in the Church of the Unity, Unitarian, on West Newton Street, the family pastor, Rev. Minot J. Savage, officiating; and the interment was in a lot on Brook Path, in Forest Hills Cemetery.

Like Miss Cushman, always respected because self-respecting, John Gilbert left an honorable name. As to her, so also to him, came the whisper of the death-

angel at a patriotic season, [on Bunker Hill Day. Moreover, he was like her in having no offspring to inherit his ample estate, and in making no public bequests. Sock and Buskin are not always improvident; and in this regard Gilbert and Cushman were like Booth, Warren, Forrest, Jefferson, — acquiring fortunes by wise industry. For mankind and the drama it is good that John Gilbert lived, to show us that a man can be both a gentleman and an actor, and that domestic felicity and good citizenship are possible in a profession often deemed sadly incompatible therewith.

F. Henry Wiggin.



THE NEW LAND.*

THE SITE OF THE OLD MILL POND IN 1827.

ONE holiday afternoon two Eliot schoolboys decided that they would not, that day, play in Sheafe Street, neither would they at home play "store" or "theatre;" nor would they join the Hull Street fellows, whose shouts proclaimed that they were playing "Coram!" in and about Copp's Hill Burying Ground;—but that, uniting pleasure with profit, they would go down on the New Land, and "hunt for old iron."

One of the boys was the writer, and the other his special friend, John Robinson.

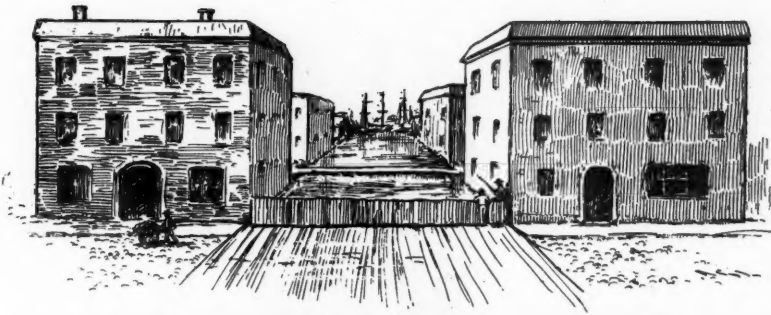
Descending Snow Hill Street, crossing Prince Street, and making their way to the end of Traverse Street, they crossed Pond (now Endicott) Street, and passing some scattered houses on its other side, they reached the "open country," and this was what they saw:

But, first, if the boys had arrived at the same spot two hundred years before, they would have stood on the shore of a charming little bay, whose banks nearly followed the lines of the present Prince and North Margin Streets, on the north, and the lines of the present Wall and South Margin Streets, on the south or west, there being, of course, a strip of meadow or salt-marsh land nearer the water. North Margin Street, nearer its eastern end, turns at right angles, and runs up to

Salem Street. It does so because the shore of the bay also turned here, and nearly reached Salem Street, making a swimming place for boys in the rear of Dr. Stilman's Baptist Church. From here the shore probably reached, in a curve, around Haymarket Square to the present Portland Street. Were the boys on the shore at the date above mentioned, they might have seen an Indian canoe rounding the steep promontory of Copp's Hill, perhaps to land at a little "boat wharf" (whose timbers were recently dug up), on Prince Street;—perhaps to land where the boys stood, at Traverse Street,—in which case one of the Indians would probably remark, "Why, this is a good Azamenticus," (Latin termination doubtful). "Azamenticus" means "a harbor for courses around and behind a protecting hill,"—in this case Copp's Hill. Or the Indian canoe might have gone on to the nearest point to Hanover Street, because, said the Indians, that street or neck of land was a "Shawmut," or a "straight piece of land with parallel sides," in this case leading up toward the farm of Blarton, with whom they came to trade.

But if the boys had come to the shore one hundred years later, they would have beheld the little bay shut in by a causeway, and one or two tide mills in operation. If there were two, then one of them must have been near the foot of Cross Street, approached by a lane mentioned in old deeds, and open-

*The transfer of the old Haymarket Square Station for the Boston & Maine Railroad, which now occupies a portion of this land, to the City of Boston for the use of the subway, has gone to record. The consideration in the deed was nominal, but the price was \$750,000.—EDITOR.



VIEW LOOKING WEST FROM HANOVER STREET BRIDGE OVER THE CANAL,
HAYMARKET SQUARE AND VESSELS IN THE DISTANCE.

HANOVER AND UNION
STREETS.

HANOVER AND POND (ENDICOTT)
STREETS.

ing from Hanover Street, near the present Cross Street. Houses naturally began to encroach on the marshy borders of the mill pond, and, at the time of our real visit Pond (now Endicott) Street, well made, and containing brick blocks, a hotel and good wooden houses, was the frontier street on the north, as was Friend Street on the south border.

As to what we saw, from the north border of the New Land,—the old mill pond, ten or twelve years before, under the supervision of Harrison Gray Otis and his associates,* had been completely filled up as far as the causeway, with the exception of the space occupied by the canal. In this we saw a line of sloops and schooners. Their lading was largely of gravel and cobblestones from the beaches. The gravel was redolent of the great salt sea, and boys found therein many shells. There were two drawbridges, one at Causeway and one at Traverse Streets. These were the only streets, the others being in embryo. The canal was the boundary between the North End and the West

End. Upon another day, we might have seen upon one of the drawbridges, a small army of West End boys, shouting and waving their arms and sticks; and there would rush by us a similar small army of North-enders, also shouting and waving sticks. These would advance within cannonading distance of the West-enders and begin to throw stones. The stones were small pebbles, and not especially dangerous. Brickbats were contrary to the laws of war. After a while the stoning would cease, and "sarcing" each other and stick and fist shaking would recommence. When this had continued long enough to produce the requisite amount of courage or phrensy, the North-enders, perhaps would *charge!* The West-enders would run. After falling back some distance in their own territory, the West-enders would rally, turn, face, and *charge!* The North-enders would then run. These battles, then, were much like real ones, when, really, the "scaring" and "running" are the principal things.

The North-enders were divided among themselves—the Coppshillers fighting the Ann-streeters

* So stated by him at the dedication of the Otis School.



VIEW OF THE NEW LAND IN 1838.

HAYMARKET SQUARE.

TRAVERSE STREET. SHIPS GOING THROUGH THE CANAL.

WARREN STREET BRIDGE
UNFINISHED.
CAUSEWAY STREET, WITH
DRAW-BRIDGE OPEN.

on the line of Hanover Street, and both parties fighting the "Charlestown Boys" on opportunity. Hostilities here were not active, however, as Charlestown bridge was a toll bridge, and a North End army could or would not raise fifty cents for the privilege of fighting. Individual North-enders (according to the experience of the writer), recognized by the Charlestownners as "Boston Thugs," were pretty sure of a stoning, and a "pig" straying through the North End was liable to have his bristles stroked the wrong way. With the abolition of canal and tolls, the old feuds died away. Charlestown used to extend in a narrow point to Lexington. So the couplet arose:—

"Charlestown is a peaked town,
But Boston is a dandy."

The boys accidentally changed the "peaked" to "pigging." Hence the quarrel.

But it was not a fighting day when we arrived on the New Land. On the wide open expanse were various little ponds and puddles where boys could wade, and sail their shingle ships and pieces of boards, and where, in winter, they could skate. The New Land was a good ball and foot ball ground, and, in the season, a grand place for kite flying. There were four or five small houses, stables or the like, on the grounds. The New Land was a common dumping ground, but not in an offensive sense. In the heaps there deposited boys found many small treasures to play with, or store in their museums. On the borders of the land might occasionally be seen lurking "Old Reed," the constable, in whose presence disorder was quelled, and battles stopped short of the killing point.

There were no girls on the New Land. We saw them in the win-

dows, playing with cup-and-ball or dolls. Girls did not play out of doors. "John and T," happening to glance toward Causeway Street, saw that there were one or two lumber yards beyond it, and that the space near Warren bridge (completed in 1829) was vacant, but beyond it was mostly open water by the side of Causeway Street to Wall Street, back of which was Leverett Street jail, and on which the writer, from a distance, afterward saw the hanging of the Spanish pirates,—the last public execution in Boston.

After taking in the scene, as above described, the two boys proceeded to the business of the afternoon, and picked up, here a nail and there an old hinge, until suddenly, in a dust heap, they came upon a whole wheelbarrow load of old iron! Here was a prize, and an iron mine! Taking up as much as they cared to carry, they proceeded to the corner of Cross and Pond Streets, leaving on the right Haymarket Square, then well filled with hay and wood wagons, with oxen contentedly dining on hay, or corn fodder. Then the boys walked along Pond Street, till, near Hanover Street, they turned to the right into a little lane between brick buildings, and came on to a small bridge which spanned the canal, which then occupied the whole of the present Blackstone Street. Standing on the bridge, and looking west between the backs of houses on Union and Pond Streets, they could see the hay loads on Haymarket Square. Looking ahead, they could see a second opening between buildings, leading to Union, near Hanover Street. The two openings still exist, and doubtless, puzzle people as to their use. Looking east, the boys could see the still canal, extending to and under the Han-

over Street bridge, from which boys and men sometimes caught fish. Just at the end of the little bridge glowed the forge fire of a blacksmith shop. Repairing thither, we sold our old iron for the sum of four cents. With this sum we repaired to a neighboring provision store and bought a watermelon, small, but ripe and perfect.

With the watermelon we proceeded to a pile of boards, and, in its shades equitably divided and ate it. Since then empires have risen and fallen, and there have been earthquakes in divers places; but the memory of the exquisite flavor of the little melon abideth.

James C. Johnson.



THE OLD STATE HOUSE.

AMONG the most prominent and valued landmarks of "Old Boston"—sharing in the respect held by the people for their rare and precious "antique jewels"—stands what with truth may be called "the *old* State House." It differs greatly from the imposing and commodious structure on Beacon Street, which now forms the home of the Commonwealth's General Court, and of its chief officers of state. But while insignificant in size, location, and general proportions it is rich in its galaxy of sacred memories—both of war and peace.

It was erected in 1747, upon the site of what was called the "village market place"—where a "town house" had formerly stood, and has been successively used for an exchange, a post office, an engine house, barracks for British troops, and a capitol in which, for fifteen years, the State Legislature was accustomed to meet.

The cost of the original town house was in part defrayed by voluntary subscriptions, from prominent and wealthy citizens, but chiefly by a legacy left to the town by Captain Robert Keayne, who is said to have left the most voluminous will known to our records. It does not appear whether the town intended that any part of the expense should be provided for by a direct tax. But in the final settlement the contractors demanded and were allowed a much larger sum than in the beginning had been named.

Captain Keayne lived at the head of State Street, on the south east corner. He was a rich merchant

and public spirited citizen, and the first captain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery. But all of these distinctions did not avail to save him from being tried, convicted and punished, on a charge of having realized upon his wares what was then thought to be an exorbitant profit. This legacy which he left to the town, in a will of 200 pages, executed in December 1653, was indeed a most handsome revenge.

On the other corner of State Street, across the way from the "Old State House," stood the fine residence of Governor John Leverett, who, in a varied experience, directed the war against King Philip, and served under Cromwell. And here it was that whenever occasion served the most aristocratic people of the town were wont to meet, and in the absence of sidewalks, "except when driven to one side by carriages and carts, every one walked in the middle of the street, where the pavement was the smoothest."

It was in this "Old State House" that, according to John Adams, "Independence was born." Here were proclaimed the death of George II and the accession of George III. Here, before the battle of Bunker Hill, a council of war was held by Generals Clinton, Gage and Howe. A year later the Declaration of Independence was read from the balcony, to the rejoicing soldiers and people, standing in the street below. It was here that the Constitution of Massachusetts was carefully planned. Governor Hancock gave a grand reception here, to the Count

d'Estaing. And here Washington reviewed the militia, and was welcomed by the people.

The quaint old steeple has been despoiled of a portion of its height. But the Lion and the Unicorn are still seen upon the angles of the roof. The exterior of the building remains much as it was, over a hundred years ago. But the grand giants have long since passed away. The grave provincial fathers, the founders of the State, have given place to busy insurance and ticket agents, and brokers and the like, to whose offices the revered "Old State House" is now for the most part appropriated.

There is such a great dissimilarity — in size, general appearance and manner of construction — between this "Old State House," and the present habitation of the Government of the Commonwealth, and such great interest has lately been aroused with regard to the improvements in and additions to the latter vast building, that a short resume of its history will not be out of place.

It was during the period that elapsed between the years 1795 and 1797 that the present State House was erected. The land upon which it is located was then called the "Governor's Pasture," and it was bought by the Town of Boston and by it conveyed to the Commonwealth, for the sum of £4000, through the following named commissioners: William Tudor, John Coffin Jones, William Eustis, William Little, Thomas Dawes, Joseph Russell, Harrison Gray Otis and Perez Morton.

In proof that Massachusetts has always been — as she is now — careful to choose for all positions of public trust only her citizens of the highest character and standing, it is interesting to glance at the lives and services of the gentlemen

who had this conveyance in their charge.

William Tudor was born in Boston in 1750, and graduated from Harvard in 1796. He studied law with John Adams, and began practice in 1772. During his service in the Revolutionary army he became a colonel and judge advocate. Afterwards he was a member of the State House of Representatives, and Secretary of State of Massachusetts. He was Vice President of the State Division of the Society of the Cincinnati, and one of the founders of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

William Eustis, L.L.D., was born in Boston in 1753, and graduated at Harvard. He studied medicine with Dr. Joseph Warren, and served as a surgeon in the Revolutionary army, and in the hospitals. He was a member of the State House of Representatives and of the Governor's Council — was twice a member of Congress — Secretary of War from 1809 to 1812 — minister to Holland in 1814 — Governor of Massachusetts in 1824 — and died while in office.

Harrison Gray Otis was born in Boston, in 1765, and graduated from Harvard. He was admitted to the bar in 1786, and in 1796 became a member of the General Court. In 1797 he succeeded Fisher Ames as Representative in Congress from Massachusetts, and in 1801 was appointed United States District Attorney for this Commonwealth. From 1803 to 1805 he was Speaker of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, and President of the Senate from 1805 until 1811. In 1814, as chairman of a committee of the General Court, he made a report advising a General Convention of the New England States, to devise some method of relief for the disasters brought upon them by the war with

Great Britain. He took an active part in the proceedings of the famous "Hartford Convention," and was one of the commissioners sent to Washington by Massachusetts, to present before the Federal authorities the case of the New England States. In 1814 he became an Associate Justice of the State Court of Common Pleas, resigning in 1818, to become United States Senator. In 1829 he was elected Mayor of Boston. While in the Senate he opposed the further extension of slavery; but was fully as greatly opposed both to the idea of abolition, and to any anti-slavery agitation whatever. In 1824 he published "Letters in defence of the Hartford Convention," and left public life in 1832.

Perez Morton was born in Boston, in 1751. In 1771 he graduated from Harvard and became a lawyer. On the 8th of April, 1776, he pronounced the eulogy on General Joseph Warren. He was Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives from 1806 to 1811, when he was elected Attorney General of the State, which office he filled with great distinction, until 1832. Additional interest is aroused in his life from the fact that he married Sarah Wentworth Apthorp, who had acquired considerable literary reputation by her verses, contributed to the Massachusetts Magazine, over the Signature of "Philenia."

The corner stone of the present State House was laid on the 4th of July, 1795, by Governor Samuel Adams, assisted by Paul Revere, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons, — both of them too well known to admit of further reference here. The stone was drawn to the spot by fifteen white horses, representing, at that time, the number of states in the Union. The original building was 173 feet front;

the height, including the dome, was 110 feet; and the foundation is about that height above the waters of the bay. The dome is 53 feet in diameter, and 35 feet high. It has been estimated that the original cost of the building was \$133,333.33.

In 1798 the Legislators of Massachusetts held their first session in this, their new Capital. And since that time how many gatherings have there assembled, of illustrious and distinguished men, shedding lustre upon the history of the State, and influencing, in no small degree, the greater and more extended councils of the Nation!

The front of the original building is comparatively plain. It is of massive but not very costly construction, and has for ornament a striking colonade of Corinthian pillars, and the brilliant dome, of Byzantine pattern. The combined simplicity and solidity of the building have been said to typify most admirably the earnestness and stern integrity of the early Fathers. The Hall of Representatives, is looked down upon by a venerable figure of a codfish — emblematic of one of the former foremost industries of the State and which, for ninety-six years, has overlooked the gathered intellect and wisdom of the Commonwealth. The Senate Chamber has for adornment many valued trophies, and portraits of our distinguished public men. In the State Library, near the Senate Chamber, there are said to be more than 50,000 volumes. On the terraces, in front of the building, are bronze statues of Daniel Webster, generally regarded as the very greatest among our great orators of the past, and of Horace Mann, a widely known educator. And during the spring and summer seasons the grounds are bright



BULFINCH FRONT OF THE STATE HOUSE.
BEACON HILL, BOSTON

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A COLONIAL GOVERNOR.

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THE OLD STATE HOUSE.
CORNER OF STATE AND WASHINGTON STREETS.

with clusters of the choicest varieties of carefully tended flowers. In Doric Hall, — what may be called the lobby — are the tattered remnants of many of the flags that were borne by Massachusetts Regiments and Batteries, throughout the war of the Rebellion — eloquent, in their silence, of the devoted patriotism of the old Bay State. There also are busts of Abraham Lincoln, Henry Wilson, Charles Sumner and Samuel Adams, together with a statue of Governor Andrew, and the famous one of Washington, by Sir Francis Chantrey.

During the year crowds of people visit the summit of the dome, and enjoy the magnificent view which it commands on every side.

From our mental contemplation of the State House we are naturally led to enquire into the characteristics of the highest officers of the State, and to compare their methods of government, as they have obtained from time to time. And surely there cannot be any contrast more striking than that between the characters and general individualities of the colonial Governor, of the Revolutionary period, and the Chief Magistrate of the present day.

The former was a stranger and an alien in the land. He was totally unacquainted with the natures and dispositions, the aspirations and yearnings, of the people whom he ruled, ignorant of the surest and most applicable means for their advancement — antagonistic to the least manifestation of that spirit of personal freedom which was fast making its ominous appearance, and of which patriots and warriors were to be so quickly made. He had grown up in an atmosphere of constant submission to a monarch's will, and recognized no sense of duty towards those whom he had been deputed to control, save that

dictated by his idea of sovereignty, on the one hand, and that of absolute obedience and submission, on the other.

He discarded, as entirely unworthy of him, all thought of employing towards the colonists any of the gentler methods of diplomacy or of tact. These, he thought, were only to be resorted to when dealing with his equals. And the colonists were, from his point of view, vastly his inferiors, entitled only to the right to display at all times that unquestioning loyalty demanded of every subject, wherever floated the British flag. So far from cultivating that amenity and *petit politesse* which every where obtains among gentlemen of intelligence and of native intellect, he refused to yield any, even the very least, recognition to any evidence, among the colonists, of that genius, or power of thought and imagination, which are both the representatives and the monuments of any people which exhibit them.

All their independence of thought he stamped out with the mere brutal force of kingly mandates. All their efforts to render their position more bearable — to instruct either themselves or their progeny in the arts and methods of a higher civilization — he strove to render unfruitful and ineffective, as tending to subvert and cast reflection upon his semi-royal authority.

As he sits there, unattended — clad in the rich vestments, the silk and lace and ruffles, of the English gentlemen of station, — taking his ease, after the labors and trials, the fears and suspicions of the day — refreshing himself with choice tobacco and the invisible spirit of fine old wine — perhaps no better representative, in portraiture, of the "Colonial Governor" can easily be found.

Sufficient unto himself, as he

thinks, — deaf to the peoples' complaints — and careless of those indefinable symptoms of growing resistance, which an observer more astute than he would have readily perceived — he yields himself to the fragrance of those roses of pleasure which seldom last long enough to satisfy the senses of those who pluck them.

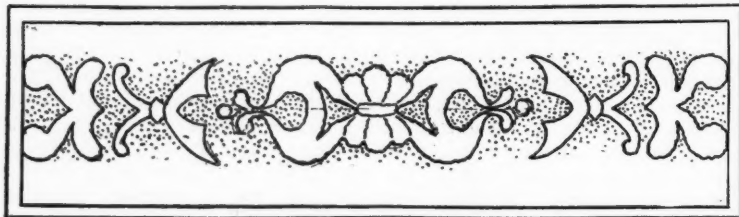
Joseph Dudley was the first British Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts, having been appointed in 1684. And he was succeeded, in 1686, by Sir Edmund Andros, who is supposed to be the original of this illustration, and of whom it has been said in history that in narrow-mindedness, shortsightedness and bigotry he was the truest prototype of the colonial Governor.

Andros had been sent to America, in 1674, as Governor of the colony of New York, and was in more or less trouble there until the next year, when he was called home, under accusation, but managed to escape serious prosecution. When, in 1686, the New England colonies were consolidated, he was sent back as Governor-General, with powers greatly enlarged. Connecticut re-

fused to obey his orders, and he appeared in the Council Chamber at Hartford, with an armed guard, and demanded the surrender of the colony's charter. There is no real evidence for the story of the hiding of the charter in the old oak tree. A copy of it may have been so hidden, but it seems pretty certain that Andros secured the original document. On hearing of the Revolution in England the people of Boston imprisoned Andros, in April 1689; and in July, he, with a committee of his accusers, were ordered to England, but he was acquitted there without a formal trial. In 1692 he was again sent to America, this time as Governor of Virginia, where, having been so rudely chastened by his former experience, he took pains to render himself extremely popular, retiring in 1698.

Capital illustrations of "the Old State House," the present "State House," and the "Colonial Governor" are to be found in the "Century Book," a handsomely-bound and clearly-printed volume, recently issued by the Century Company.

Frank N. Jones.



HISTORICAL PARALLEL COLUMN.

NOTES AND COMMENTS ON THE PAST AND PRESENT.

March, 1795.

1. Mr. Ewing advertises as follows: "An exceeding good opportunity for parents (in these very expensive times, for every necessary of life) to provide their children with good and comfortable maintenance, clothing, schooling, and a trade, but little known in this country, to serve as apprentice in my cotton and woolen factory, in New Haven."

2. At a meeting of the members of the Boston Library Society, held at the Library room, in Franklin Place, the following officers were chosen: Dr. Redford Webster, Treasurer; Mr. Caleb Bingham, Librarian; Mr. Nathan Webb, Secretary. The following were elected Trustees: Hon. George R. Minot, Rev. Dr. Eckley, Rev. Mr. Eliot, Rev. Dr. Parker, Dr. William Spooner, and Messrs. Charles Bulfinch, Samuel Hall, William Scollay, and Charles Vaughn. At the said meeting it was voted that for the future the price of a share in the Library should be fifteen dollars, and that the Librarian should deliver out no new books to any member until the Library shall have been removed to the new room. The members were requested to return at once all books in their possession, so that the Library might be examined by the committee chosen for that purpose, and properly arranged in the said room. It was ordered that after the removal the Library should be opened twice a week, namely: — every Thursday and Saturday, at three o'clock P.M.

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4. Hon. Charles F. Swift, president of the Cape Cod Historical Society, has received a congratulatory letter addressed to John Hancock, on his election as Governor of Massachusetts. It is a very valuable document as well as an interesting and instructive one, for it is signed by the judges of the court of common pleas and of the court of general sessions in 1780, — the composition of which at that time has never before been precisely known. From the signatures appended to the letter it is evident that it was not deemed essential in those days that all judges should be members of the legal profession. David Davis, the chief justice, and Shearjashub Bourne of Barnstable were lawyers, but neither of the other signers were such; but they were leading citizens of their respective towns. The supply of lawyers was hardly equal to the demand and it is possible that the title of judge was in many cases largely honorary. Daniel Davis who drafted the letter was one of the most prominent men of his day, holding many high and responsible offices. He was an ardent patriot "in the days that tried men's souls." Besides his services as magistrate and judge he ably represented the town in that memorable provincial assembly which so effectively resisted the arbitrary acts of the Parliament of Great Britain and their representatives, in the civil and military service of the colony. Nathaniel Freeman was the leading spirit among the

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4. Notwithstanding the expected peace with the Algerians the building of our frigates will continue to be prosecuted. We have had lessons enough to convince us that the weak are liable to insults, from those who respect the strong.

A bill has passed the House of Representatives in Congress granting to the four amiable daughters of Admiral Grasse, who are now residing in Salem, in indigent circumstances, one thousand dollars each, in consideration of the eminent services rendered by their father, to the United States, during the Revolution. This is an act worthy of a free and great Nation.

Two Chiefs and Head Men of the Six Nations are now paying a visit to this town. They are those who signed the treaty with Col. Pickering last year. On Monday evening they visited the theatre.

The following communication appears in the "Centinel," the news sheet from which the above extracts have been taken: Mr. Editor: Agriculture and Commerce being the two great sources of our national prosperity I am induced to make an observation on the culture and exportation of white beans, which of late years have become a considerable article of our export. My view is to induce the farmer to plant none but clear white beans, as any colored beans destroy, in an essential degree, their value for exportation. At first sight, with those who look for nothing in a newspaper but political disquisition or the fate of empires, attention to this apparently small matter would save thousands and tons of thousands of dollars to the country. For instance, Mr. Editor, suppose there are exported from Boston 20,000 bushels per year. These, at one dollar a bushel, would yield

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patriots in the days preceding and during the revolutionary war, and was very active in the military and civil affairs of the county. Solomon Freeman was a resident of Harwich, in that portion now known as Brewster, and afterwards represented the county in the State Senate for 19 years, a longer period than any other incumbent. Of the other signers Thomas Paine, Joseph Doane, and Barnabas Freeman were from Eastham; John J. Nye, Joseph Nye and Seth Freeman were from Sandwich. Joseph Otis was from Barnstable, as also was Shearjashub Bourne, afterwards for four years a member of the Second and Third Congresses of the United States. David Thatcher was a leading citizen of Yarmouth, many years a representative to the Provincial Assembly and the House of Representatives, and two years in the Senate. Richard Baxter lived in West Yarmouth, and Daniel Taylor also, both patriots. Nathaniel Shiverick and Ebenezer Jones were from Falmouth, a town filled with patriots. The list closes with the high sheriff of the county, Enoch Hallet of Yarmouth. He was an early and ardent patriot and when the British frigate Somerset laid her bones behind Cape Cod he was sent down to march her crew, of some 460 men, in triumph as prisoners of war, to the shire town. All of these men of course took peculiar satisfaction in the election of the first signer of the Declaration of Independence as chief magistrate of the commonwealth.

Arranged in a semi-circle around the flag staff at the Watervliet Arsenal are seventy-six pieces of ordnance captured at various times by the United States from the British, during the Revolutionary war,

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the farmer \$20,000, and the exporter, perhaps \$25,000. These would be sent to a foreign port, wherein 20,000 bushels of Holland beans would net the Dutch farmers 25,000 dollars, and the Dutch merchant who exported them above 30,000 dollars, because the Dutch beans are all white as chalk, and the American beans are of all colors. This is a real fact, and from it I infer that the farmers who send their beans to a Boston market only experience an annual loss of \$5000 on this small article. This loss must chiefly fall on the farmer, for the merchant cannot afford to give a higher price than foreigners will repay, and when he buys of the farmer he considers the quality of the article, and as it respects American beans, that they will not command as much, by 20 per cent. in foreign countries as other beans do, not from any bad quality, but, as I said before, because of their being colored. How easy then is it for the farmer, when preparing his seed, to prevent this. If he does it when he brings his beans to market he will get 20 per cent. advance on the price. The loss above contemplated applies only to Boston. If we take into consideration the losses experienced from the same cause in the other ports of this state and the United States the sum must be immense, perhaps 100,000 dollars annually. Besides, sir, is not our character as an agricultural and commercial nation interested in this business? How mortifying must be the situation of the captain of an American vessel in Europe, when he hears foreign merchants declare that they can have no confidence in American produce, for quality, and to see them blowing on American produce, while at the same

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and strange as it may seem no record of their capture has been kept by the government. Many of them are of peculiar construction and would compare very unfavorably with the field guns, made in the arsenal gunshops at the present time. Through exposure to the elements many of the guns have become a bright green in color. Eight of them are known to have been captured at Saratoga, in 1777. There is one 24 pounder howitzer with these marks on the chase: "Surrendered by the Convention of Saratoga, October 17, 1777. A Schatch, Facit, 1748." This gun is embellished with two crowns and the monogram "G. R." There is a 12 pounder with marks on the chase similar to the gun described. On the breech are the words, "Honi soit qui mal-y-pense" and "Dieu et mon droit." It has dragon handles and is embellished with crown, rampant lion and the arms of Great Britain. The third cannon is a 12 pounder made in 1760, and there is one of the same description, with these words: "The Right Honorable Lord George Sackville, Lieutenant General, and the rest of the principal officers of Her Majesty's ordnance: surrendered by the convention of Saratoga, October 17, 1777." Its date of manufacture is 1759. Another 12 pounder was made in 1760. An 8-inch howitzer bears the date of 1758, and an 8-inch mortar is among the trophies, it having been made in 1758. A 24 pounder Coehorn mortar is another of the collection.

7. Captain William H. Thomes, one of the leading California pioneers, and a universally loved and respected resident of the South end, died suddenly this afternoon, aged 65 years. As an author and novelist few have enjoyed the pop-

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time they purchase the same articles from other nations, at an advance price, merely because the Inspection Laws of those countries are better than ours. (Signed) The Farmer's Friend. — The Editor thinks this estimate very small, as there were exported from the Port of Boston, from October 1st to December 31st, 1794, nine thousand six hundred and thirty bushels of beans; from the 1st of October 1790 to September 30th, 1791 — a period when the commerce of the United States was by no means so extensive as it is now — the export of beans and peas was one hundred and sixty five thousand two hundred and seventy three bushels.

5. The good ship "Federal Branch" went on the upper middle grounds to-day, supposed to be too deeply loaded. When the tides are favorable, with a fair wind, she will get off. The ship's company are averse to putting to sea now, fearful of foul weather, on account of the large flocks of "Mother Cary's chickens" which continuously surround the ship.

The Chronicle prints the following to-day: — "To-day is commemorated the 25th anniversary of the Boston Massacre, perpetrated by a party of British troops, under command of Captain Thomas Preston. The reflections of the Americans on this melancholy catastrophe are not excited for the purpose of raising an unmanly indignation against that nation whose troops were the immediate instruments of our distresses, but to rouse the philosophic and patriotic mind to contemplate a subject on which the citizens of this metropolis have so often assembled, to deprecate its baneful tendency. Standing armies have formerly, on this anniversary,

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ularity and distinction which he so well earned by his stories in truth and fiction. His friends called him the author of more successful books than any other man in this country, and styled him the "Dumas of America."

8. Rev. Lucius R. Paige, the venerable clergyman and historian of Cambridge, is 93 years old to-day. He has had a very busy and prominent career and among other things he enjoys the distinction of being the oldest Universalist minister in the world, the oldest member of the New England Genealogical Society, and the oldest past commander of the Knight Templars. He has lived in his present house, at the corner of Washington and Pine streets, Cambridgeport, for over sixty years.

Governor Greenhalge sent a special message to the General Court to-day, with regard to the efforts that have been made to discover the site of the first town meeting held in America, and of the first free public school supported by general taxation, in order that, in accordance with a resolve of the General Court, adopted last year, suitable monuments might be erected, to mark the sites. The message states that the task of discovering the sites was delegated to a sub-committee of the executive council, consisting of the Lieut. Governor, and Councillors Leeson and Stevens, who gave exhaustive hearings on the subject. Dorchester, Salem, Dedham, and numerous other cities and towns of the Commonwealth came forward, through able representatives, to claim the monumental trophies. Among others the committee was visited by a man from Maine, who strenuously claimed that the first town meeting was held in the back

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been the theme of our patriots and orators, and may the name of Warren, Hancock, and other illustrious characters, who from the sacred desk have warned us against their establishment, be remembered with veneration, and may their principles ever be impressed on the hearts of Americans. The orations on this interesting subject are worthy of the perusal of our citizens of the present day, particularly of our youth, as therein they can discover the plausible pleas of tyrants, to effect their purpose. Under various pretences they have selected a body of troops with especial privileges, and after they have thus familiarized the people to prætorian guards the way has been easily paved to erect their despotism. May the 5th of March ever be a day sacred to Liberty. May the freemen of America contemplate with pleasure the intrepid exertions of their Boston friends, in defence of their dearest rights. And may the ghosts of Maverick, Gray, and Attucks ever remind them that the moment a standing army exists at that instant liberty expires."

7. A proclamation was to-day issued by Governor Samuel Adams, appointing Thursday, the second of April, as a day of Public Fasting.

The papers have recently contained a great deal of news from Paris, regarding the French Revolution, and a correspondent writes, lamenting the fact and citing an instance of a young man who seemed to be carried away by sentiment, applauding the work of the guillotine. In passing up State street he saw ten persons set in the pillory, for some crime, and exclaimed that it would be much better to cut off their heads with the axe of

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woods of that state. The broad language of the resolve had invited claimants from all parts of America. As the hearings proceeded it became evident that the difficulty of solving the vexed problem was rapidly increasing, and in a short time, so greatly did it grow, that the hearings were finally closed, and the sub-committee called in a committee of three experts and handed over to them the great bulk of testimony that had been carefully recorded and transcribed. But the historical experts have come to a unanimous decision that it is practically impossible to determine with any degree of accuracy where the monuments properly belong, and the Governor and the Executive Council have accepted the report.

Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, of Massachusetts, who originated the idea of forming a Society of Children of the Revolution, and into whose hands the Continental Congress of the Daughters of the Revolution placed the matter, has presented her plans to the National Board executive meeting, held in Washington. They were unanimously adopted, and Mrs. Lothrop was elected president for four years.

A quantity of Boston soil will be one of the features at the 30th anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's death, to be observed at Oakland, Cal., on the fifteenth of this month. Collections of earth have been taken from Bunker Hill, Dorchester Heights, Faneuil Hall, Liberty Tree block, and from the wharf from which the tea was thrown over and destroyed in 1773. In this soil a Liberty Tree is to be planted, in one of the public squares of Oakland.

During a visit of a delegation of twenty members of the Massachu-

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the guillotine, and there would be an end of the matter.

8. A schooner arrived from Georgia in twelve days, with live oak for the frigate, to be built in this town. Three other vessels are soon to follow, for this place, when the building of the frigate will go on rapidly, and many tradesmen will receive federal employment.

9. Joseph Habersham, Esq., of the State of Georgia, has been appointed Postmaster General of the United States, Jonathan Jackson Esq., of Massachusetts, Comptroller of the United States Treasury, and Tench Francis, Esq., of Pennsylvania, Purveyor of Public Supplies.

The annual Town Meeting has this day been held, and Mr. Blake was chosen Inspector of Lime, agreeable to the late law of the Commonwealth.

11. Yesterday morning a naked male child was found in what is usually called "Rowe's Pasture." The verdict of the Jury of Inquest was that it was smothered. It is to be wished that the inhuman monster of a mother may be found.

13. A very severe storm raged for several hours to-day. The wind was at N. E., and did considerable damage to the Long Wharf. Several vessels broke from their fastenings and worked great injury to the small craft. Two or three of the latter were sunk and several were dismasted, as were also two ships and a schooner, loaded with rum and molasses. The damage done by this short but virulent storm is estimated at \$10,000.

14. The Jacobin Society in this town was originated by Frenchmen, one of whom was named Genet, and he has received from

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setts Legislature to the Maine Legislature to-day it transpired that the whole twenty members are natives of Maine. They include the Hon. Joseph O'Neill, of Fall River; Hon. Louis C. Southard, of North Easton, and Hon. Geo. A. Reed, of Framingham, members of the Senate; Cyrus A. Jordan, of Salem; John D. A. Gauss, of Salem; Otis Frost, of Cottage City; Clarence L. Weston, of Boston; Sumner E. Higgins, of Cambridge; Ernest W. Roberts, of Chelsea; George T. Sleeper, of Winthrop; J. T. Spofford, of Everett; W. W. Towle, of Boston; Edward W. Pinkham, of Lynn; Robert A. Richardson, of Haverhill; George E. White, of Sandwich; A. L. Wiley, of Harwich; E. A. Hale, of Newburyport; J. Porter, of Danvers; and George Hibbard, of Boston, members of the house.

To-day the historic Codfish was transferred with marked and serious ceremony, from the old hall of the House of Representatives to the new. Eloquent addresses were delivered, appropriate to the occasion, and a very interesting paper, commemorative of the life of the homely emblem, was read in the presence of the assembled solons. There is a dim tradition that in the primitive House of Assembly of the province there hung a codfish, which was the gift of Judge Samuel Sewall, the author of the famous diary. But Judge Sewall died in 1729, and in his published works there is no mention of this fish. It is difficult to imagine that a man of his loquacious verbosity would have omitted to chronicle his munificence, either in his diary or his letters. This original fish is said to have hung in the old town, or state house, and when the structure was burned, December 9th, 1747,

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his patron a considerable appointment. Another was a French agent. Let the persons who know themselves to be aimed at by this paragraph deny our assertion, if they can.

15. Last evening Captain Howland arrived, in 55 days from Cork, bringing papers to the 15th of January.

18. So great is the demand for tickets in the 2nd Class of the Harvard College Lottery that it has become doubtful whether there will be any to dispose of for several days previous to the 9th of April next, on which day the lottery is positively to commence its drawings. The spirit which animated the first settlers of this country, to promote useful knowledge, has, if possible, increased with the present generation, and this is the evidence—that there is scarcely a single one in the community, either male or female, who is not more or less interested in the College Lottery.

The lisping babe cries "papa, care for me;
Pray buy a ticket, and in time you'll see
The pleasing benefit which we soon shall find
In learning faithfully to serve mankind."

19. The remark that the Senate ought to be purged is certainly true, and the most effectual method to attain this purpose is to erect galleries, so that the public may know the proceedings within this branch of the Legislature. Should this be done none of the members would be exposed to the malicious resentment or personal pique of individuals, either within or without the doors of the Senate.

21. The Centinel publishes the following:—"Take Notice:—The expenses of the Centinel, for work

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it doubtless went up in a cloud of smoke, which still shadows its history from the peering gaze of the antiquarian. The Old State House which stands to-day at the head of State street was erected in the succeeding year. At whatsoever date the old-time emblem was restored to its original place of honor it is clear that it flourished there in all its pristine glory as early as 1773; for in an old bill of that year, presented by Thomas Crafts, Jr., to the province of Massachusetts Bay, for painting the State House, and which, from all that can be learned, has not been disputed, appears the item: "To painting codfish—15 shillings." At some time subsequent to the painting of this codfish it suddenly disappeared from the State House, and there seems to be good reason to believe that its successor, which has come down to us, was carved by one John Welch, a Boston patriot. He was born August 11, 1711, and became a well-known citizen, living on Green Lane, West Boston. In 1756 he was captain in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and he was also one of the signers of the famous petition or memorial, charging the officers of the crown with appropriating to their own use money that belonged to the province. His descendants have always insisted that he carved the State House Codfish of to-day. His great-great-grandson, Capt. Francis Welch, is now living in Brookline, at the age of 86, and he has recently stated that the truth of this assertion has always been recognized among the family traditions. It has been handed down, from father to son, uncontradicted for at least three generations. Capt. Welch's father repeatedly told him that he heard this story from the lips of his

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and stock only, are seventy dollars a week. This must be paid in cash. Those therefore who live at a distance are requested to consider this and if they owe for more than one or two years, and cannot conveniently come to town, to request their correspondents here to discharge their bills. Gentlemen in the country, who may wish to subscribe, will save a great deal of trouble if they will give directions to some of their correspondents or friends in Boston to pay the bills. The Post Riders who take papers from this office are requested to settle their arrears."

The marriage of Major William Fiske to Miss Frances Rice, of Brookfield, is announced, with the following refrain: "With virtue such as hers had Eve been armed: In vain the fruit had blushed, or serpent charmed."

25. Post Roads: It is singular but true that eight years ago encouragement was barely given for two stages and twelve horses on the great road between this town and New Haven, a distance of 170 miles, whereas at this time there are upwards of one hundred horses and twenty coaches employed. The number of regular stages that run, in the course of a week, from this town are more than twenty. Eight years ago there were but three. The regular direct Post Road from Wiscasset, in this Commonwealth, to Sanbury, in Georgia, embraces sixty Post towns and a distance of 1,513 miles. This with the cross roads, established this week, make nearly 10,000 miles over which mails are sent. The patriots here contemplate this circumstance with pleasure.

The following named gentlemen have been elected to supply the vacancies in the directorate of the

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grandfather, and never expressed the least doubt in regard to it.

10. There was great rejoicing this afternoon at 17 Worcester St., when the Young Ladies' Charitable Association held a "freedom" meeting. The event marked the clearance of the mortgage on the Free Home for Consumptives in Dorchester. There was everything to be proud of. Since this noble band of girls, about four years ago, purchased the beautiful home for \$24,000 they have not only cared for 200 consumptives, but furnished and supported the home, and to-day are free from debt. As soon as they can earn \$5,000, now that the debt is liquidated, they will begin a new and larger home, on the present site. The need of it is pressing, for at the present time they are compelled to refuse admission to hundreds.

11. Not content with the laurels won at the recent carnival ball and "The Winter's Tale" entertainment, Boston society filed into Copley Hall this evening, there to score another success for the Boston Children's Aid Society and the Sunnyside Day Nursery. It was the opening of the loan exhibition of portraits of women, and that the informal reception which formed one of the principal features of the affair was a decided triumph may be gleaned from the fact that all through the evening the swells passed in and out of the hall, chatting here and there with special friends, and regaling themselves with coffee and sweet nothings. Hidden in a grotto of palms and tropical shrubbery in the centre of the hall was the Hungarian band, and from the leafy enclosure Strauss waltzes floated in the air. Such a magnificent lot of Copleys and Stuarts was never brought together

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Branch Bank of the United States in this town, namely: John Derry, Esq., Mungo Mackay, Esq., Theodore Lyman, Esq., Mr. John Parker, and Mr. John Welles.

Mr. Bayard, the gentleman appointed by the President as Commercial Agent for prosecuting appeals in Great Britain, arrived in London on Dec. 13th. This business is said to be "of the utmost importance to both countries."

27. To-day Richard Boynton, Esq., died, in the 74th year of his age. His funeral will take place from his late dwelling house, in Court St., to-morrow afternoon, at half-past 4 o'clock. His relatives and friends are requested to extend this notice. Mr. Boynton was an anchorsmith, in which business, and in preparing the iron work for ships, he employed a great many mechanics, and sustained a worthy character. In his prosperity he was bountiful to the poor and perhaps did more than his part in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. He was Deacon of the New South Church for many years, and was also first Captain of the Boston Militia, with rank of Major, until the arrival of Gen. Gage before the late war with Great Britain. He was one of the first "Committee of Correspondence" and was a zealous promoter, as far as his abilities went, of the cause of Liberty. He was active in conveying cannon and military stores, from the town into the country — particularly a brass mortar, intended by the British for Castle Island, but which he privately conveyed over to Dorchester Neck, and which afterwards became of great service to the American army, while besieging the town. He was among the foremost in advancing

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before. The Copleys almost took entire possession of the west wall of Copley Hall. On the north side of the same hall there were also splendid groups of Stuarts, and other Stuarts were to be seen in Allston hall. They give one a new impression of the eminence of these masters, and how soundly American art had its foundations laid in the 18th century. Copley in particular stands forth as a great painter; the effect made by his work really deserves the title of being regal. It has a fine air of distinction, as of a court, and one feels a profound respect for the Boston society of colonial days whose atmosphere is reflected for us to a material degree in these portraits. In the Copleys, the Stuarts, and in the works of various other old masters here represented there is a stateliness, a grandeur, a sterling quality of work that tells of a continuity and handing down of great traditions. In the presence of these works the favorite painters of to-day may well feel a sense of humility, and question themselves seriously as to the tendencies which they represent.

Following is given a short list of the works, their painters, subjects, and present owners: Washington Allston, Mrs. Allston, owned by Mrs. J. A. Jeffries; Joseph Ames, Mrs. Thomas Lindall Winthrop (daughter of Sir John and Lady Temple) owned by Mrs. Joseph Grafton Minot; Alexandre Cabanel, Mrs. Hollis Hunnewell, owned by Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.; Seth Wells Cheney, H. S. Appleton, and Harriet Appleton, owned by Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge; Mrs. George A. Goddard (Mrs. Charles G. Loring) owned by Mr. George A. Goddard; Miss Catharine Sedgwick, owned by Miss. Edna D.

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money for such purposes as the foregoing, to the extent of his ability. Refusing to work for the British garrison he was detained by them during the whole siege and was compelled to deliver up to them all the stock and utensils used in his business. After the siege was over he retired to a small paternal estate in New Hampshire, and was for some years a member of the Legislature in that State; but having been reduced in his circumstances by the war he returned to Boston and accepted the office of Deputy Sheriff and Keeper of the County Gaol, in which offices he conducted himself with fidelity to the public, but with humanity to his prisoners, until his death.

28. A newspaper states "If no news is good news, and to a country at peace it is said to be so, then much good news is now circulating. However, as all will not subscribe to that opinion, we inform them that the easterly winds are now setting in and news of blood and carnage will soon be wafted on every gale."

The following advertisement appears in the Centinel: "The Constitution of the Associated Mechanics of the town of Boston is ready for signing this day, at Mr. Ebenezer Larkins' book store, in Cornhill; (signed) Paul Revere: Per order. N.B. The book will be kept open from day to day, at said store for signing."

Notifications are issued to the citizens of the town of Boston for the election of Governor, Lieut. Governor, and four Senators, on Monday, April 6th.

Several of the streets in the town being badly affected by the frost coming out of the ground drivers of carriages are informed thereof,

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Cheney; Mrs Amos A. Lawrence, owned by Mrs. Harriet L. Hemmenway; John Singleton Copley, Mrs. John Apthorp, owned by Mrs. R. E. Apthorp; Mrs. Samuel Barrett (sister-in-law of Copley) owned by Miss Mary E. Cabot; Catharine Gore (wife of Samuel Torrey, Esq.) owned by Mrs. Samuel Torrey Morse; Mrs. Hannah Loring, owned by Mr. William Caleb Loring; Dorothy Murray, owned by Mr. John M. Forbes; Mrs. Ebenezer Storer (frame designed by Paul Revere) owned by Mr. William S. Eaton; Dorothy Quincy (wife of Governor John Hancock) owned by Mrs. George S. Rowe; Mrs. Abigail Bromfield Rogers, the property of Miss Annette P. Rogers, Mrs. Daniel Sargent (daughter of John Turner, Salem) owned by Mrs. L. M. Sargent; Hannah Tracey (wife of Jonathan Jackson) owned by Mr. James Jackson; Catharine Moffatt Whipple, owned by the Misses Peabody; Mrs. Martha (Coit) Greene, owned by Mr. David G. Haskins, Jr.; Thomas Gainsborough, Miss Mary (later wife of Parker Hammond, exhibited at the Old Master Exhibition, Royal Academy, 1872-73) owned by M. Knoedler & Co., New York; G. P. A. Healy, portrait of Longfellow and his daughter, owned by Mr. R. H. Dana; William Morris Hunt, Mrs. William Claflin, owned by Hon. William Claflin; Mrs. M. L. Coolidge, owned by Mr. J. T. Coolidge, Jr.; Phoebe Jenks, Mrs. Eben D. Jordan, Jr., owned by Eben D. Jordan, Jr.; Rembrandt Peale, Mrs. John L. Gardner, owned by Mr. George A. Gardner; Mrs. Rembrandt Peale, owned by Mr. Clement Lawrence Smith; John Ricco Penniman, Sally Flag (wife of Barzellai Holmes, grand niece of Benjamin

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so that they may proceed with caution. Owners of trucks, carts, etc., are especially called upon to avoid overloading. As it has been thought by several that the Inspector of Police has been defiant in not executing the law as to this matter, he respectfully requests all such persons to call upon him, when he doubts not it will be in his power to prove his attention, to their satisfaction. He believes that when the laws are amended there will be no cause for complaint.

Meeting of Mechanics: The mechanics of the town of Boston are requested to meet, at Conart Hall, on Wednesday evening next, at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of taking into consideration and deciding on the report of the Committee appointed the 19th of January, for the purpose of drafting regulations for the proposed Association of the Mechanics of this town. As the subject is of prime importance, and as the sentiment of every one on the subject is desired, it is requested that a punctual and general attendance will be given. Those who have received printed copies of the report are requested to bring them with them to the meeting. (Signed.) Paul Revere.

From the Centinel:

POLITICAL EPITAPH.

On Tuesday, the third of March, expired
The Third Congress
of the
United States of America.
If to have provided
for the reduction of the
National Debt
by a mode
the most easy and ample.
If to have
Encouraged Commerce
by protecting it
and to have promoted
The Arts, Sciences, Manufactures, Agriculture and Humanity
by liberal laws and liberal grants.
If to have

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Franklin) owned by Miss Wales; John S. Sargent, A. N. A., Miss Eleanor Brooks (Mrs. Richard M. Saltonstall) owned by Mr. Peter C. Brooks; Julian Story, Mrs. Arthur Rotch, owned by herself; Mrs. C. F. Sprague, owned by Mr. C. F. Sprague; Gilbert Stuart, Mrs. Thomas Amory (daughter of William Coffin) owned by Mrs. William Amory; Mrs. Nathan Bond (Joanna Sigourney, 1818,) owned by estate of George W. Bond; Mrs. Nathaniel Coffin (Miss Eleanor Foster) owned by Mr. Nathan Appleton; Mrs. Caleb Loring, owned by Mr. C. W. Loring; Miriam Clarke Mason (Mrs. David Sears, 1803) owned by Miss E. E. Sears; Mrs. L. M. Sargent (Miss Binney) owned by herself; Mrs. Robert G. Shaw, owned by Mrs. Theodore Lyman; Thomas Sully, Mrs. John Randolph (daughter of President Thomas Jefferson) owned by Mrs. Richard D. Cutts, and Mrs. Thomas Mann Randolph (another daughter of Thomas Jefferson) owned by Miss Ella W. Coolidge; Unknown, Dorothy "Q," owned by Mr. Justice Holmes.

The old-timers of the Mercantile Library Association were in their element this evening, celebrating the 75th anniversary, at the building on the corner of Tremont and West Newton streets. The young men who have been much in evidence in the conduct of its affairs during recent years were pushed into the background for once, but what they lost in the opportunity to spread themselves in the way of speechmaking was fully made up by the large chunks of good advice given by such experienced gentlemen as ex-Senator S. S. Blanchard, Hon. Johnathan A. Lane, and Mr. M. P. Kennard of the sub-treasury, to say nothing of timely and inter-

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Saved the United States
from a foreign war
by its wisdom and prescience;
To have prepared against its calamities
by Efficient Armaments
and to have paid a great part of our
Debt of Gratitude to France
by advancing her money, while
still supporting the
Duties of neutrality
If to have, without bloodshed
Quelled an Insurrection
which threatened our peace;
and to have restored the

Confidence of the People
in the
Government of their choice
If to have courted, by liberal rewards,
The Friendship,
and to have
chastised the insolence
of Hostile Aborigines
If to have done deeds like these
Be meritorious
Then the Deceased has never Failed
to deserve well of
Its Country!

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esting remarks of Governor Greenhalge, who had evidently, to great advantage, read up the history of the association before making his entrance, to the inspiring strains of "Hail to the Chief," by the Roxbury Orchestral Club, and ended his very apposite speech in the following well chosen words: "Let us make merchant princes indeed—men like Claflin and Rice—men who can guide the affairs of the commonwealth with prudence and judgment. It isn't the lawyers who know everything; it is you, who know the details of business, who ought to be able to guide the professional classes. It is in such men as have been developed by this society, in the 75 years of its existence, that Massachusetts must put her trust, and as its affairs pass from the hands of such men as Jonathan Lane and Senator Blanchard I hope to see men of energy and youth take them up and carry them on to greater triumphs still." Ex-Senator Blanchard, an ex-president of the society, gave an extended outline of its history, and he was followed by Mr. M. P. Kennard, who was so fortunate as to have brought his scrap-book with him, and by the Hon. Jonathan A. Lane, and President W. H. Bald-

win, of the Young Men's Christian Union.

14. Judge Peleg Emory Aldrich, the senior justice of the superior court of this state, died at his residence, 64 Elm street, in Worcester, to-day, aged 82 years, of exhaustion incident to old age. He was born in New Salem. Franklin County, in this commonwealth. His family is of the early New England stock, tracing its lineal descent from George Aldrich, who came from England in 1635. His ancestors first located at Dorchester and Braintree, and finally settled at Mendon, in the county of Worcester, being among the founders of the town. Representatives of the family are now to be found in almost every state of the Union.

21. There can be only words of praise for Harvard's department of English after their success to-day with the performance of Ben Jonson's "The Silent Woman." Their production of this classic English play and of a London playhouse and players of 1609 will be always remembered in connection with their famous representation of the "Oedipus Rex" of Sophocles in 1881 and that of the "Phormio" of Terence in 1894. There is every reason to accord unstinted praise

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for the effort to reproduce realistically the performance of this ancient comedy. The announcement was made in advance, that it was hoped to make it not merely a pleasurable occasion, but an educational effort. And this aim was fully met. The whole show, from beginning to end, was a faithful picture of what would have happened in the old Swan Theatre in London in 1609, when the play was first put on the stage. From his enjoyment of it, the student obtained, in two hours, a better picture of Ben Jonson's and Shakespeare's times than he could have had from a host of books. It was just this that those who had it in charge most eagerly sought, and most successfully achieved.

22. One hundred and eleven years of active life in military service of the state and country is a record that the members, past and present, of the Roxbury City Guard (D Company, 1st Infantry) are particularly proud of. This evening the one hundred and eleventh birthday anniversary was celebrated by the company many past members and elderly citizens of Roxbury who have watched the company's progress during these many years with loving interest, and active military men who recognize in the present organization a model that all may follow. The celebration was in the form of a dinner at the Quincy House, followed by speeches and reminiscences of days and scenes and men that have passed. It was like a home gathering of a family, every person present, with scarcely an exception, having served at one time or another with the "R. C. G."

25. The topic of the evening at the monthly dinner of the Congregational Club in Horticultural Hall

to-night was "The Endeavor Convention, Boston, 1895." The speakers were Mr. Samuel B. Capen, Chairman of the Committee of 1895; Rev. Francis E. Clarke, D.D., President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor; Mr. Arthur J. Crockett, President of the Boston Local Union; Rev. Smith Baker, D.D., and Master Robert Chandler, twelve years old, President of the Junior Endeavor Society, of Auburndale. Mr. Capen stated that the convention of 1895 would be the greatest ever held. It would be great in enthusiasm and great in power. He thought the signs were propitious for the success of the convention in every way.

29. The Rev. A. B. Earle, Union Evangelist, died at 5.30 o'clock this morning, at his home on Centre street, Newton. He was probably the best known Evangelist in this country, and lived for more than half a century in Newton, where he was a highly respected and honored citizen.

30. The event of the sale to-day, at Libbie's auction rooms, was the sale of the famous Aitken Bible. It is the first bible in the English language ever printed in America. The imprint is as follows: "Printed and sold by R. Aitken, at Pope's Head, three doors above the coffee house, in Market street, MDCCLXXXII." The first two bids were of fifty dollars each, after which it went up, \$25 at a time, to \$300, at which price it was sold. A copy of the third issue of the first bible ever printed in America, in a European language, brought \$9. It was printed in German by Christopher Saur, 1776. The "Bay Psalm Book" of which only fifty copies were printed in Cambridge in 1862 for subscribers, being a reprint of

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the "Bay Psalm Book" which was issued in 1640, brought \$18.50. A volume of early voyages of discovery, with a detailed account of Christopher Columbus and his discoveries, written by a monk, under the pseudonym of "Philoponus,"

and published in 1621, sold for twenty-three dollars, and a handsomely bound book, that was probably a presentation copy to George III, and was published in this city in 1761, sold for \$17.50.





THE return engagement of Grand German Opera promises one week more of the usual furore with the following assignments:

Tuesday evening, April 9, "Lohengrin."
Wednesday evening, April 10, "Nozze di Figaro."

Thursday, matinee, April 11, "Romeo et Juliette."

Thursday evening, April 11, "Aida."
Friday evening, April 12, "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci."

Saturday, farewell matinee, "Lucia."
Saturday evening, April 13, "Faust."

Calendar for March.

FIRST WEEK. — MARCH 4 TO 9.

BOSTON: Fannie Davenport in Sardou's "Gismonda."

BOWDOIN SQUARE: Jack and Manola Mason in "Friend Fritz."

CASTLE SQUARE: Joseph Haworth in repertoire: "Rinaldo," "Rosedale," "Richelieu" and "Hamlet."

COLUMBIA: Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew in "Charlotte Corday."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE: Murray and Mack in "Finnegan's Ball."

HOLLIS: John Drew in "The Bauble Shop."

MUSEUM: Pauline Hall in "Dorcas," operatic comedy.

PARK: "The 20th Century Girl."

TREMONT: The Bostonians in "Prince Ananias."

MECHANICS BUILDING: Italian and French Opera.

KEITH'S: Vaudeville with the Spanish Carcedo Martinelli Four, the Deltonnelli Bros., &c.

SECOND WEEK — MAR. 11.

BOSTON: Fannie Davenport.

BOWDOIN SQUARE: "The Bandit King," melodrama.

CASTLE SQUARE: Joseph Haworth in "The Bells," "The Clockmaker's Hat," "Richelieu," "Hamlet" and "Rosedale."

COLUMBIA: Closed.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE: Milton Nobles in "From Sire to Son."

HOLLIS: John Drew in "The Bauble Shop."

MUSEUM: Pauline Hall in "Dorcas."

PARK: "Trilby." Paul M. Potter's Dramatization of Du Maurier's novel.

TREMONT: The Bostonians in "Robin Hood."

MECHANICS BUILDING: Second week of Italian and French Opera.

KEITH'S: Vaudeville with Bunth and Rudd, &c.

THIRD WEEK — MAR. 18.

BOSTON: Extension of the Fannie Davenport season in "Gismonda."

BOWDOIN SQUARE: Joseph Murphy in "Shaun Rhue."

CASTLE SQUARE: Joseph Haworth three nights of "Richard III." Later, repertoire.

COLUMBIA: Steve Brodie in "On the Bowery." Reduced prices.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE: "Prince Pro Tem."

HOLLIS: John Drew in "Christopher, Jr."

MUSEUM: Olga Nethersole in "Camille."

PARK: "Trilby."

TREMONT: Cadets in "Excelsior, Jr."

KEITH'S: Vaudeville with Bunth and Rudd, &c.

FOURTH WEEK — MAR. 25.

BOSTON: Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle."

BOWDOIN SQUARE: Joseph Murphy in "Kerry Gow."

CASTLE SQUARE: "Rob Roy" with the Whitney Opera Co.

COLUMBIA: "The Flying Dutchman," spectacular drama.

GRAND OPERA: Mr. and Mrs. Byron in "The Ups and Downs of Life."

HOLLIS: John Drew in "The Butterflies."

MUSEUM: Olga Nethersole in "Frou-Frou" and "Romeo and Juliet."

PARK: "Trilby."

TREMONT: Mr. Beerbohm Tree in repertoire.

KEITH'S: Vaudeville.

GRAND OPERA in Italian and French pretty largely absorbed the attention of the musical loving public of Boston during the month of March, despite the constant changes of program which were such a constant source of financial and personal embarrassment both to them, to the management itself and to the singers. Boston's beastly climate

in the month of March is too much for the ordinary human throat and the past opera season proved it to be so even for a "diva." But in many cases this proved to be a blessing to the season-ticket holders for their complaint about the casts in the original assignment not having the de Restzkes and many principal stars was thus silenced so far as the present season was concerned. Provision has been made for the prevention in the future of a recurrence of such a state of things as can make these complaints justifiable.

DORCAS came to the Museum with a fine cast. "Erminie" and "Niobe" by the same authors, Harry and Edward Paulton, suggest the style of operatic comedy here given by Miss Pauline Hall and such character artists for associates as Miss Jeanette St. Henry, Miss Kate Davis and Messrs. Charles H. Bradshaw and Charles Meyer. Lady Honoria and Lord Beauregard, about to marry, disguise themselves for the purpose of studying incognito the character of the other. The former, disguised as a pedler, declares she has often masqueraded as a woman and proposes to pass herself off as Dorcas, the newly married wife of Lubin so as to outwit an amorous lord, Lambourne. The two *Ananels* thus fall in love with each other by mistake. After various entanglements such as Honoria *alias* the pedler boy, *alias* Dorcas passing the night with Lady Lambourne, the mysteries are cleared up in a happy ending.

With this little plot, simple as most other German stories, many pretty musical numbers are introduced, particularly by Pauline Hall who had most fetching toilets even in her male and peasant attire. Miss Kate Davis, "get up" was ridiculously grotesque and delighted the ladies of the audience with its crinoline proportions. The time is the close of the 18th century, and the cast, costumes and settings were sufficient to fill the house for the entire run.

The principal musical selections were:

"The Spinning Wheel Song," "I Love My Love Always," "Drinking song," and chorus, comedy quartet. "Were He a Man," solo, "A Pedlar Am I," for Miss Hall; duet, "In Time;" "Chess duet," comic duet, "The Way to be a Lass;" German waltz song, Miss Hall, and ensemble, song and minuet by all the company; duet, "Must I Remind You," tenor solo, and "Trusting Above."

The music composed and selected by Max Hirschfeld. The words by Harry and Edward Paulton. First time here.

Arnold.....	Hugh Chilvers
Lord Beauregard.....	F. Michelena
Lubin Mugby.....	Charles H. Bradshaw
Meredith.....	Downing Clarke
James.....	Charles Earle
Jawkins.....	Charles Meyer
Dora.....	Miss Jeanette St. Henry
Griselda.....	Miss Kate Davis
Dorcas.....	Miss Marie Morton
Joan.....	Miss Mabel Florence
Lady Honoria.....	Miss Pauline Hall

GISMONDA is decidedly the grandest production which Fannie Davenport has ever undertaken. In "Cleopatra" her personality always made her a success. But in Gismonda she has the extra advantages of the modern drama in a new play by the most dramatic of modern French writers that affords a scope for all her versatile talents. In costuming and stage setting these are the finest stage pictures ever seen in Boston, both Grecian and Oriental styles of architecture being portrayed, — notably the interior of the Basilica of the Virgin. The emotional scenes were strong and finely rendered by Miss Davenport and ably supported by Messrs. McDowell, as Almerio, and Theodore Roberts, as Zaccaria, as well as by a most competent cast. Their success has been [so phenomenal that the Madame Tavery Opera Company's engagement was canceled and Gismonda continued until the 25th.

That Boston is a particularly theatre-loving public, was clearly enough shown during the grand opera season by the immense houses that one still found in all the leading theatres. Where did they all come from? The Mechanic's Building Auditorium packed every

night; the Boston Theatre ditto, to see Fannie Davenport; the Hollis, to see John Drew; the Castle Square, for Joseph Haworth; the Tremont Theatre packed to repletion for the Bostonians; the Park, with the "20th Century Girl;" and the Museum with Pauline Hall. And all this in Lent. If my memory does not fail me the Boston Post made a canvas the second day of March (Saturday) and represented an attendance of 50,000 people.

JOHN DREW is always a favorite with Boston audiences. "The Bauble Shop," a play in four acts, by Henry Arthur Jones, presented in Boston for the first time on March 4th has received a hearty welcome from both public and critics.

Viscount Clivebrooke.....	Mr. John Drew
The earl of Sarum.....	C. Leslie Allen
The Hon. Charles Teviot.....	Arthur Byron
Sir John Stradebroke.....	Guido Marburg
Mr. Stoach, M.P.....	Harry Harwood
Mr. Piers Bussy, M.P.....	Thaddeus Shine
Iresom.....	Lewis Baker
Matthew Kaber.....	J. C. Padgett
Mr. Body.....	Robert Holland
Mr. Mims.....	Adolph Klauber
Bence.....	Frank E. Lamb
Gussie.....	Agnes Miller
Lady Kate Ffennell.....	Ethel Barrymore
Lady Bellenden.....	Virginia Buchanan
Jessie Keber.....	Maud Adams

The large and fashionable audiences greeted Mr. Drew with a genuine heartiness that would have put any one at his ease. Miss Adams impersonated the innocent naturalness of Jessie Keber with marked success, difficult as the role was to play, — and Miss Ethel Barrymore's face was her fortune.

The plot.—An English earl sacrificing family and position, both public and private, for the sake of a poor girl's honor whose reputation he had imperiled, — is certainly characterized more by ennobling sentiments than by the spirit of naturalness, but it makes an interesting story and affords a capital field for clever dialogue and sarcastic hits at English manners and customs, particularly in the field of morals.

CHRISTOPHER, JR. is the same light comedy work, — clean and graceful, by Madeline Lucetta Ryley. It seems particularly well adapted to Mr. Drew's healthy, gentlemanly style and quiet,

dignified manner of speech. Christopher, Jr., getting by mistake into a young lady's cabin, is forced by an irate father to marry the girl by signing a contract. Christopher does it by using a friend's name. He later falls in love with his own wife and only after many complications and explanations to the friend is happiness finally restored. Special mention is due to Miss Maud Adams, as Dora, her appearance, voice and manner making her an immediate favorite. The rest of the cast was good throughout.

Christopher Colt, Sr..... Harry Harwood
Mrs. Colt..... Mrs. Annie Adams
Christopher Colt, Jr..... John Drew
Nelly Colt..... Miss Anna Belmont
Whimper..... Frank E. Lamb
Job..... Graham Henderson
Maj. Hedway..... C. Leslie Allen
Dora..... Miss Maud Adams
Mr. Glibb..... Harry Davenport
Mrs. Glibb..... Miss Agnes Miller
Burt Bellaby..... Lewis Baker
Mr. Simpson..... Arthur Byron

FRIEND FRITZ greeted his friends again at the Bowdoin Square with Jack Mason of course in the title role and his wife returned after her long absence to play the village Suzel and make love to Jack once more in the quaint little Alsatian farm. Nobody doubted the reception of their favorites. It was as hearty as usual and the audience still enjoyed as of yore the little touches of nature that make the whole world kin. As a matter of record we append the cast:

Fritz Kobus, a landed proprietor..... John Mason
David Sichel, a Jewish rabbi..... Justin Adams
Frederick, a land surveyor..... Seth Crane
Hanezo, a tax collector..... Lindsay Morrison
Christol, father of Suzel..... James Munroe
Katherine, Kobus' housekeeper..... Georgia Dickson
Lisbeth, a village girl..... Lizzie Grahame
Suzel..... Marion Manola-Mason

MELODRAMA in "The Bandit King" and in "Shaun Rhue" were the succeeding attractions.

COLUMBIA THEATRE — "Charlotte Corday," play in four acts, by I. C. Montesquien. First time in this city.

Charlotte de Corday D'Armont..... Mrs. Potter
Francois de Corday D'Armont..... Mr. Veron Clarges
Abbe Fleuriot..... Mr. Henry Chanfrin
Monsieur David..... Mr. Mason Mitchell
Adam Lux..... Mr. Arthur Bawtree
Potin Langlois..... Mr. John F. Ward
Drouet..... Mr. Hartley
Legendre..... Mr. George Barnes

Chevaux de la Garde..... Mr. Stuart
Cannut..... Mr. William G. Warren
Rebillet..... Mr. Clarges
A printer..... Mr. G. B. Post
A gendarme..... Mr. Youngman
A police agent..... Mr. Guy
The executioner..... Mr. Money
Rose de Corday D'Armont..... Miss Perdita Hudspeth
Simmons Everard..... Miss Hellen Lowell
Marie..... Miss Ida Ward
Marianne..... Miss Ardsley
Mme. Richard..... Miss Marion Erle
Jean Paul Marat..... Mr. Bellew

Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew were welcomed back after their long absence by appreciative audiences that sat spell-bound under the effects of the intense realism of Charlotte Corday. Evidently an adaptation of Sardou's *Jeanne d'Arc*, it is decidedly suggestive of Sarah Bernhardt. The realism of the piece, such as the scene representing the assassination of Marat in his tub, — as well as the guillotine in the last act, — is of the most extreme character. The whole interest of the play centres in the two stars. Mr. Bellew as Marat was so frightfully realistic in his bloodthirsty demon-like character as to chill the blood. The action is horribly strong and suggestive of *Therese Raquin* in its intensity. Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew both scored a marked success in their way and it was to be regretted that Mrs. Potter's illness required the last week of their engagement to be canceled.

The Columbia's scale of prices having been reduced for the spring season, beginning with Steve Brodie's engagement, seems to indicate somewhat the line of management likely to be pursued in the future at this beautiful but unfortunately located place of amusement.

TREMONT THEATRE — "Robin Hood," romantic opera in three acts, composed by Reginald DeKoven, libretto by Harry B. Smith.

Sheriff of Nottingham..... Henry Clay Barnabee
Robin Hood..... Joseph Shehan
Little John..... W. H. MacDonald
Will Scarlet..... Eugene Cowles
Alan-a-dale..... Jessie Bartlett Davis
Friar Tuck..... George Frothingham
Guy of Gisborne..... Peter Lang
Maid Marian..... Caroline Hamilton
Dame Durden..... Josephine Bartlett
Anabel..... Mena Cicary

Boston never seems to tire of Robin Hood. The same people go time and again. Every seat was sold. No ex-

changes possible. The standees were from six to ten rows deep. Mr. Barnabee was the same old Sheriff with "massive brain and eagle eye."

The numbers were sung with a vim that only practice can impart when spurred on by the infectious enthusiasm from across the foot-lights.

Various changes in the cast were frequently made but the substitutes did such capital work that it is doubtful if the substitutions were noticed by the general public. Mr. Chas. R. Hawley took on a few occasions the part of Mr. McDonald as Little John giving so well the familiar praise of "brown October ale." Mr. Cowles' bass voice rang out as usual in the Armorer's song and "Old Cross Bow," and so on, to the end with the whole familiar cast.

CASTLE SQ. THEATRE—"The Bells," a melodrama in three acts.

Matthias.....	Harworth
Christian.....	Howard Gould
Hans.....	Louis Foy
Walter.....	Mark Price
President of the court.....	Charles E. Inslee
Clerk of the court.....	Richard B. Milloy
Mesmerist.....	Gardner Crane
Notary.....	J. E. McCormack
Dr. Zimmer.....	Walter Snow
Catherine.....	Mrs. E. A. Eberle
Sozel.....	Julia Batchelder
Annette.....	Grace Atwell

The "Clockmaker's Hat," a one act farce.

Col. Capstick.....	Charles E. Inslee
Christopher Capstick.....	Thomas W. Ross
Fubbs.....	Gardner Crane
Mr. Duplex.....	Henry Fottler
Mrs. Capstick.....	Delia Macdonald
Jemima.....	Julia Batchelder
Sally Smart.....	Ada Gilman

Given for the first time in Mr. Haworth's repertoire here, it is another indication, like his Richard III., of the actor's great versatility and genius for hard work, but both these tragedies are too horrible and gruesome to long attract the general public who prefer such rollicking farces as the "Clockmaker's Hat" which preceded "The Bells" and was more suited to the company than heavy tragedy. In "The Bells" the conscience-stricken murderer of the Polish Jew is depicted with an awful realism by Mr. Haworth, and it is the piece, not his rendering, that would be

in the way of a long run in this country even if given here by Mr. Irving.

The version of Richard III. followed by Mr. Haworth affords few points of superiority over the old, except to emphasize that a man "may smile and smile and be a villain." Mr. Haworth as the cunning, crafty Duke of Gloster elicited his usual rounds of applause, as did Mr. Gould and the princes, but the work of the subordinates lacked practice and finish.

We append the cast:

Duke of Gloster.....	Haworth
King Henry VI.....	Mark Price
Prince of Wales.....	Julia Batchelder
Duke of York.....	Olive Smith
Earl of Richmond.....	Howard Gould
Duke of Buckingham.....	Charles Inslee
Duke of Norfolk.....	Henry Fottler
Tressell.....	Richard B. Milloy
Lord Stanley.....	Walter Snow
Catesby.....	Thomas W. Ross
Ratcliff.....	J. E. McCormack
Earl of Oxford.....	Harold H. Morison
Lieutenant of the Tower.....	Gardner Crane
Lord Mayor.....	Louis Foy
Tirel.....	Francis Howard
Officer.....	Henry W. Reid
Queen Elizabeth.....	Mrs. E. A. Eberle
Lady Anne.....	Grace Atwell
Duchess of York.....	Delia Macdonald

One of the leading theatrical and social features of the month was of course "The Cadets." Their new Armory stands in its massive grandeur as a monument to their loyalty, labor and perseverance.

Mr. Barnets' new play "Excelsior, Jr.," is of the same type as his former attempts, characterized, of course, by no essential plot, but by a mass of heterogeneous compound affording unlimited opportunity for specialties and humorous by-play. Regarded as an amateur performance it occasioned lots of fun of the ephemeral sort. The principal roles were impersonated by Messrs. Cheney, Stutson, Davis, Frothingham and Guild. Mr. Cheney as the Dude was a great favorite, and Mr. Stutson in his German imitations was perhaps the leading attraction.

H. Wadsworth Excelsior.....	B. P. Cheney, Jr
Coupon Book, a personal conductor	T. E. Stutson
William Tell, engaged to Bertha Gessler,	
	H. A. Frothingham
Signor Vendata.....	J. Walker, Jr.
Signor Mafia.....	W. B. C. Fox
	Professional upholders of family traditions.

Tomaso Tenorini, Santootsie's prospective husband.....R. I. Hunter
 Friar Toby.....C. L. Sanford
 Friar Topc.....F. W. Thomas
 Friar Tattle.....Leroy Russell
 Friar Tuck.....J. S. Leach
 Four of Grutzner's laughing monks.
 James I.....R. D. Ware
 James II.....C. H. Cole, Jr.
 James III.....A. S. Porter, Jr.
 James IV.....E. L. Kent
 Excelsior's valets.
 Walter First.....B. L. Knapp
 Hans auf der Mauer-Wrestler.....E. K. Newhall
 William Tell's hired son.....R. D. Ware
 Mary Lamb, a book tourist, not personally conducted.....G. C. Davis
 Bertha Gessler, proprietress Gessler inn, E. L. Caton
 Blanche Calve Santootsie, with foreclosed tradition.....Courtenay Guild
 Lucretia Murfe-M'Guinness.....L. C. Benton
 Gertie Giggleson.....H. J. Farrington
 Lucy Lispenard.....C. W. Young
 Eunice Ogleshorpe.....E. L. Adams, Jr.
 Clara MacPherson.....Rodney Thayer
 Harriet Todd.....S. P. Bremer
 Dolly Stone.....W. J. Toppan
 Book tourists personally conducted.
 Fitzzy Cissgerald.....M. D. W. Greene
 Peachie Puffball.....H. B. Perkins
 Effie Edingham.....T. L. Drew
 Pearlle April.....W. E. Putnam, Jr.
 Gayest of gayeties.
 Hildegrade, a villageress.....E. J. Watson
 Swiss men, Swiss maidens, Swiss mandolinists, monks, Van Dycks and Van Dyckesses by a chorus of 90.

BOSTON MUSEUM—"Camille."

Armand Duval.....Maurice Barrymore
 M. Duval.....Barton Hill
 Gaston Rieux.....John Buckstone
 Comte De Varville.....George Nash
 Gustave.....Grant Stewart
 Doctor.....T. G. Valentine
 Messenger.....Roy Fairchild
 Mme. Prudence.....Mrs. E. J. Phillips
 Nanine.....Miss Virginia Graves
 Nichette.....Miss Ethel Mollison
 Olympe.....Miss Marion Grey
 Camille.....Miss Olga Nethersole

Miss Olga Nethersole's "Camille" seems to have taken the town. Miss Nethersole's personality in the first place, her physique, her womanly nature combined with such naturalness in her dramatic art. Secondly her passionate delineations in the love scenes, such warmth of feeling that gave a genuineness to her acting, not so strongly remembered in Bernhardt's Camille, nor Modjeska's, nor Duse's, nor that of Clara Morris. Miss Nethersole's Camille was so graphic, the sensual side of her nature so emphasized that the listener had to believe in its sincerity contrary to his own best judgment of actual facts in common life. And there is where this Camille of the great English actress will subject itself to outside criticism on

the ground of morality, far more than ever was said about Dumas.

The critic has to divorce morality and art; not so the general public. But truth is everywhere sacrificed to dramatic art,—and this perhaps is largely what constitutes the elements of a sensational nature.

The audience the opening night was immense as well as enthusiastic, but those removed from the stage a short distance lost many words through the suppressed utterances and manner of the actress. There was a good deal said that was never spoken. Camille was given the whole week.

As "Frou-Frou," the frivolous, Miss Nethersole found scope for the display of the whole gamut of her possibilities of dramatic action from the gay and thoughtless girl to the tragic death of the sadder and wiser woman, with all its attendant emotional scenes.

Miss Nethersole's "Frou-Frou" is strictly her own charming creation, one that holds the audience constantly alert and one that enlists all its sympathies for the thoughtless hasty girl, who in a moment of anger and jealousy deserted her husband for a rejected suitor. Sad, as all the plays of her repertoire, it still remains one of the most attractive and only serves to impress the hearer the more deeply with an unbounded admiration for this artist and her art.

The costuming was beautiful. Pauline was one of the most attractive tho' unimportant parts in the appended cast:

Henry Sartorys.....Maurice Barrymore
 Brigard.....Barton Hill
 Comte de Valreux.....George F. Nash
 Baron de Cambri.....John Buckstone
 Pitou (a prompter).....T. G. Valentine
 Vincent.....R. Holland
 Zanetto.....Grant Stewart
 Louise.....Laura Hansen
 Baroness de Cambri.....Marion Grey
 Pauline.....Ethel Mollison
 Governess.....Virginia Graves
 Angeliqne.....Marie Nohte
 Georgie.....Leddly de Vere
 Gilberte (Frou-Frou).....Olga Nethersole

"PRINCE PROTEM," Mr. R. A. Barnett's comic opera in two acts was played a most successful return engagement with Mr. Fred Lennox and Josie Sadler in

their favorite roles. The Grand Opera House was filled as usual with their friends and those of Mr. Harry Edgerly in his individual work and make up. Miss Davis singing and Miss Bradbury's dancing came in for special admiration. The latter, new in the cast, won an immediate recognition.

Tommy Tompkins.....	Fred Lennox
Prince de Mocrates.....	Harry Brown
Justice of Fogia.....	Harry Edgerly
Law of Fogia.....	Gus Daly
Silvano.....	Ella L. Ingalls
Duke Arthur.....	Madeline Lack
Duke George.....	Georgie Laurence
The royal page.....	Mabel C. Stanley
Dick Tator.....	George Hobson
Elderberry.....	J. J. Maloney
McCanister Martini.....	D. T. Fitz
Jack O'Hartz.....	Frank Edwards
Princess Lucia de Mocrates.....	Marion McAlvin
Gwendolyn.....	Jessie Bradbury
Princess Maria de Mocrates.....	Kittie Hull
Florida.....	Bertha A. Davis
Wild Rosy of Yucatan.....	Josie Sadler

GRAND OPERA HOUSE — "Ups and Downs of Life," a play in four acts, by F. A. Scudamore:

Vivian Ransome.....	Oliver Byron
Jeffrey Crawcour.....	Spottiswoode Aitken
Noel Norman.....	R. Fulton Russell
Alphonzo Smith.....	Fred Warren
Robert Brown.....	Lorin Howard
Moses.....	J. L. Mason
Mr. Dawkins Jump.....	Charles Young
Ben Worsley.....	W. Elwood
Sam Pinch.....	Royce Alton
Straight Line.....	Augry Albro
Constance.....	Florence Stone
Mrs. Washup.....	Alice Warren
Jane Judkins.....	Kate Byron

Mr. and Mrs. Byron received a hearty welcome in their melodrama in which comedy was discreetly intermingled to relieve the depressing effect of the villain. English expression and cockneyisms abound in the comedy, often farce.

JOSEPH MURPHY has been welcomed by patrons of the Bowdoin Square for three weeks in melodrama, his last role being his familiar one of Dan O'Hara in "Kerry Gow," a four act Irish drama with the following cast:

Dan O'Hara.....	Joseph Murphy
Raymond Drew.....	Charles Brandt
Capt. Basil Sidney.....	Harry Gorrein
Maj. Gruff.....	John Daley
Patrick Drew.....	John W. Burton
Mr. O'Drive.....	W. T. Sheehan
Valentine Hay.....	Wm. T. Clark
Sargent Bull.....	Harry Browning
Dennis Doyle.....	Dan Thompson
Nora Drew.....	Rebecca Warren
Alice Doyle.....	Jeannette Ferrell
Boy Jack.....	Emma Italia

"TRILBY" has been having a complete

ovation for nearly five weeks at the Park Theatre playing constantly to packed houses. So popular has the book of Du Maurier become, that Mr. Potter's dramatization was received with open arms. Standing room only was at a premium, and the doubts of many as to the success of its Dramatization were rapidly dispelled. Miss Virginia Harned's impersonation of Trilby has been the talk of the town. Taffy, the laird and little Billee needed no introduction to their friends in the audience and Svengali was as black as the pen picture of Du Maurier.

Taffy.....	Burr McIntosh
The laird.....	John Glendinning
Little Billee.....	Alfred Hickman
Svengali.....	Wilton Lackaye
Gecko.....	Robert Paton Gibbs
Zou Zou.....	Leo Dietrichstein
Dodor.....	Herbert Ayling
Antony.....	V. M. de Silke
Lorimer.....	Edwin Brandt
Rev. Thos. Bagot.....	Edward L. Walton
Col. Kaw.....	Reuben Fax
Phillipe.....	Morel Bean
Trilby.....	Virginia Harned
Mrs. Bagot.....	Bertha Welby
Mme. Vinard.....	Mathilde Cottrelly
Angele.....	Grace Pierrepont
Honorine.....	Lucille Nelson
Mimi.....	Monta Elmo
Musette.....	Josephine Bennett

MR. BEERBOHM TREE'S Boston reception as indicated by his "Hamlet" was a most flattering one, and the warmth of Boston's usually undemonstrative theatre goers was on this occasion so much in evidence as to be particularly gratifying to Mr. Tree especially after the chill of New York. Every aspirant to Hamlet naturally approaches that familiar role with becoming diffidence. Mr. Tree felt this and expressed it in this his first curtain speech in Boston.

The quietness of the English actor in his speech and manner through the entire piece, tho perhaps criticised by some, seemed to lend a refinement to the action that would naturally belong to an introspective nature. Many of his touches threw new light on the part. His feigning of madness was capital, tho' his sense of humor in his talks with Polonius appeared deficient. In a word, for quiet, refined action, free from rant,

for an intelligent, clear conception of the melancholy Dane, as well as for rich and appropriate stage settings of a novel character, Mr. Tree's will be remembered as one of the very best of all the modern Hamlets ever given in Boston.

Claudius, King of Denmark..... Henry Neville
Hamlet..... Mr. Tree
Polonius, Lord Chamberlain..... Holman Clark
Horatio, friend to Hamlet..... Berte Thomas
Laertes, son to Polonius..... C. M. Hallard
Rosencrantz..... Edward Ferris
Guildenstern..... Lesly Thomson
Marcellus..... Parker Hanks
Bernardo..... Robson
Francisco, a soldier..... Williams
Priest..... Charles Allan
Ghost of Hamlet's father..... Nutcombe Gould
First gravedigger..... Lionel Brough
Second gravedigger..... Willes
First actor..... F. Percival Stevens
Second actor..... Watson
Gertrude, queen of Denmark, and
mother of Hamlet..... Francis Ivor
Ophelia..... Mrs. Tree
Player Queen..... Hilda Hanbury

Mr. Beerbohm Tree's repertoire for the week was as follows:

Monday evening—"The Merry Wives of Windsor" and the "Balladmonger."

Tuesday evening—"A Bunch of Violets."

Wednesday matinee—"The Merry Wives of Windsor" and the "Balladmonger."

Wednesday evening—"Captain Swift."

Thursday evening—"Hamlet."

Friday evening—"An Enemy of the People."

Saturday matinee—"A Bunch of Violets"

Saturday evening—Farewell performance—"The Red Lamp" and the "Balladmonger."

THE WAGNER OPERA in German at the Boston Theater offers the following:

April 1, "Tristan and Isolde"

" 2, "Lohengrin"

" 3, "Die Walkure"

" 4, "Siegfried"

" 5, "Die Goetterdämmerung"

" 6, "Tannhauser"—(matinee)

" 6, "Die Meistersinger"

" 8, "Siegfried"

" 9, "Tannhauser"

" 10, "Tristan and Isolde"—(mat.)

" 10, "Die Meistersinger"

"FROM SIRE AND SON" at the Grand Opera is an English comedy drama by Milton Nobles, and deals with an amusing marriage brought about by an ad-

vertisement in a paper. It is considered a good company and an amusing play.

"ROB ROY" De Koven and Smith's comic opera which had a six month's run in New York has made a most promising start at the Castle Square. A mixture in operatic style and comedy, and somewhat uneven in presentation, it still combines sufficient merit of book with De Koven's pleasing musical numbers to warrant a long and successful run at this season of the year. The Highland costumes, the stage pictures and the chorus work are all worthy of special mention. As a Scotch opera it has introduced many light musical numbers appropriate to the scene, as "Margery" sung by Miss Juliette Cordon, Miss Macnichol's "Heart of my Heart," the prince's song, the ballad-monger's song and various duets, &c.

The story is the coming of Prince Stewart to Scotland to rally the clans against the English. Prince Charles has to disguise himself as a Miller's apprentice, and after being betrayed and subjected with his lady-love Flora to many misfortunes, they both are allowed to escape through the kind heartedness of the English and all's well that ends well.

The comedy work of Mr. Richard F. Carroll is of unusual merit.

We append the cast:

Rob Roy MacGregor..... William Pruette
Janet..... Juliette Cordon
Prince Charles Edward Stuart..... Barron Berthald
Flora MacDonald..... Lizzie Macnichol
Dugald MacWhieble..... Richard F. Carroll
Lochiel..... Wm. McLaughlin
Capt. Ralph Sheridan..... Anna O'Keefe
Sandy MacSherry..... John G. Bell
Tammie MacSorlie..... Harry Parker
Lieut. Cornwallis..... Mittie Atherton
Lieut. Clinton..... Louise Crane
Angus MacAllister..... Octavia Barbe
Duncan Campbell..... Julie Senac
Stuart MacPherson..... Viola Winthrop
Donald Mac Alpine..... Carrie Reger
Nelly..... Fanny Follenbee

The engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal at the Hollis Street Theatre is announced to be their final appearance in Boston. The repertoire arranged as follows: Monday, "The Queen's Shilling;" Tuesday, "All for Her;" Wednesday matinee, "A Scrap of Paper;" Wednes-

day evening, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray;" Thursday, "A White Lie;" Friday, "Impulse;" Saturday matinee, "The Ironmaster;" Saturday evening, "The Queen's Shilling."

Calendar for April.

BOSTON: April 1, Wagner Opera.

April 13, "The Black Crook."

BOWDOIN: April 1, "Blue Jeans."

Later, "The Danger Signal," and "Hands Across the Sea."

CASTLE SQ.: "Rob Boy," in a long run.

COLUMBIA: April 1, "Charley's Aunt."

Donnelly and Girard in "The Rain-makers."

GRAND OPERA: April 1, Conroy and Fox in "Hot Tamales."

April 8, John Kernel in "McFadden's Elopement."

April 15, Ward and Vokes "Run on the Bank."

HOLLIS: April 1, The Kendals in Repertoire (one week).

Primrose and West's Minstrels.

MUSEUM: April 1, Olga Nethersole in "The Transgressor," followed by Repertoire (four nights.)

April 8, Geo. W. Wilson in "Our Uncle Dudley."

PARK: "Trilby" (till April 13.)

April 15, Hoyt's "A Temperance Town."

TREMONT: April 1, Stuart Robson in "The Henrietta."

April 8, Stuart Robson in "Marmaduke."

April, 15, Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown."

MECHANICS BUILDING: French and Italian Opera, (one week).

KEITH'S: Vaudeville.





AUTHORS AND BOOKS

IT is to be hoped that with the downfall of the whilom apostle of that deleterious system of so-called "æstheticism" that has for so unfortunately long a time held sickening sway in the higher circles of the old world there will now come a welcome return to the purer and more healthy walks of literature and art. The Lily may at last be left alone, in its pristine loveliness, with no sacrilegious hand to mar its natural beauties, by attempting to make it the emblem of a false and meretricious school. The Sunflower may shine radiant and serene, in all its glory, undimmed by the noisome breath of incense from loud mouthed idolators. And the artist and the author may rejoice in their release from all danger of blackmail, at the beck and call of ignorant pretenders to a knowledge of their gifts.

It would seem that there must have been some premonition of this sudden thunderbolt, in the apparently clear heaven of literature; for during the last two months there has been plainly discernible a dearth, that might almost be felt, in that outpour of nauseous and scandalous stuff that has for so many years disgraced the bookstalls, everywhere. Gradually the literary atmosphere has been growing clearer and more buoyant, as if it were preparing to throw off the impurities which have been allowed to prevail, without any effort to retard their growth. Flash light litera-

ture has in a large measure been relegated to the rear, with the "retro Satan" of an awakened and outraged taste and room is being made for that more refined and real "æstheticism" whose place has been so long filled by a vile impostor.

Reading people are beginning now to turn their attention to that class of printed matter which concerns the more important and serious affairs of life. The duties of citizenship and the demands of enterprise and public spirit engross far more of their time than has formerly been devoted to their study and consideration. The condition of affairs that has come to pass, in many of our large cities, while most of our wealthiest and wisest citizens have been devoted to their personal concerns, has finally aroused them to a realization of those imperative duties which in the past they have constantly, if not studiously, neglected. It was in the city of New York that the principal and most persistent battle of reform was courageously fought, and we are pleased to know that the record of it has been put into an honorable and enduring form, in the shape of a very neat volume, entitled "Our Fight with Tammany." It is ably and fearlessly written, by the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., and contains a full statement of all that the general reader will find it wise to know, of the details and minutiae, connected

with the stubbornly contested warfare that was made against the further advance of vice and crime, in that for-a-time sin-laden city. Step by step the story is told, and the interest that it arouses is deep seated and wide spread. The book is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and bears all the marks of excellence that characterise every volume that issues from their hands,

Another book which is worthy of attention is entitled "Doctor Judas" a portrayal of the "Opium Habit." It is written by William Rosser Cobbe, and he has given it its rather peculiar name because, as he says, "Opium is the Judas of drugs: it kisses, and then betrays," In his realistic account of the horrors of the fearful habit that forms the subject of his work he confesses that in his own person he has undergone the most painful and revolting of them all, and that there can be no higher restraint placed upon one, outside of the sense of responsibility to God, than that which has bound him in the writing of the book. In one especial regard he sounds the key note of alarm to many of the mothers of the present day, who, in their anxious desire to quiet and allay the keen sufferings of their little ones, hasten to administer to them opiates, which not only dull their pains but are pleasing and palatable to their taste. In this manner they are unconsciously taught to cherish and cultivate such a liking for those drugs as in after years lays the foundation for an unlimited indulgence in them. For this reason alone, if for no other, the book is most worthy of being bought and read. It is published in handsome and attractive form, by S. C. Griggs, of Chicago,

Issued by The Merriam Company, of 67 Fifth Avenue, New York, in a charming combination of white and gold, is the "Lingua Gemmae, a Cycle of Gems," being a history of one hundred precious stones, with the signification and popular superstition attached to each, and appropriate poetic sentiments, by Ada L. Sutton. In arranging the work two

points have been uppermost in the authoress' mind, to present to the public a clear, concise, and comprehensive "Language of Gems," and to render the literary features of the book peculiarly attractive. The sentiments have been carefully selected from the very best authors, both in short quotations and long poems, appropriate to the meanings of the gems. The volume is very valuable as a handbook of precious stones,

The well known poet Edmand Clarence Stedman, and the no less distinguished writer George Edward Woodberry have added to the literature of the day a very welcome volume, in the shape of a copious and comprehensive edition of the works of Edgar Allan Poe, of which the first volume has just come to hand, and will be thoroughly enjoyed by the ever increasing number of lovers of this wonderfully gifted man. It contains a memoir, critical introductions and notes, by the accomplished authors, and is illustrated by Albert Edward Sterner. The whole edition will comprise ten volumes, which are with good reason supposed to embrace all the writings, of every kind which the meteor-like genius left to posterity. Stone and Kimball, of Chicago, are the publishers, and they will lavish upon this rare production much of that artistic skill and talent for which they are so famed.

The American Book Company, of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, are, as usual, keeping closely up with the foremost publishers, in bringing out uniquely bound volumes, which appeal to the popular taste. Their latest is "The Schoolmaster, in Comedy and Satire," arranged and edited for the special use of Teachers' Reading Circles and Round Tables, and intended as a companion volume to "The Schoolmaster in Literature." There is a potent moral force in humor and satire; and there are few stronger influences than these that can be brought to bear on the training of teachers and the improvement of systems of education, and the greatest and most popular of novel writers, whose

works exert an inestimable influence in favor of reforms, owes his reputation largely to his satirical pictures of school life. The book is divided into parts, corresponding to the months of the school year, and is furnished with outlines, pedagogical notes, and suggestive questions for reviews and examinations.

The realm of humor has recently been still further pleasantly invaded by the publication, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston and New York, of one of the most entertaining volumes of reminiscences which we have met with, for a long time. Its title is "Half a Century with Judges and Lawyers," and its author is Joseph A. Willard, Clerk of the Superior Court of Massachusetts. The stories, anecdotes and scenes which he presents are mainly from his own hearing and personal observation, and as to those which are not so he has taken great pains to state the facts with exactitude and correctness. No body of men are more deservedly famous for their satire, wit, and enjoyment of humor than are those whose minds have been sharpened in the contests of the forensic field, and in this dainty volume has been gathered together much that will be heartily enjoyed, of their talent and quickness at repartee.

A vast amount has been written in praise of tobacco, much of it commonplace or lacking in poetic quality, but in a handy and attractive little volume that has been lately published by the "Joseph Knight Company" of Boston, and entitled "Pipe and Pouch—the Smoker's own book of Poetry," has been carefully and discriminatingly compiled all of the very best and choicest verse of this peculiar kind. The compilation has been made by Mr. Joseph Knight himself, and he has evidently exerted a judicious taste, to make his booklet both welcome and agreeable to those who indulge in the fragrant weed.

So far, too, the year has been singularly prolific in its production of light literature, clean, and healthy. The

domain of fun has been actually stormed. Among the new books entitled to occupy a place in the brightest batch of the season are the following, which have been published by G. W. Dillington of New York; "Trilby Reversed," by Leopold Jordan, a side-splitting travesty, with 60 comic illustrations by Philip and Earle Ackerman; "Love and Law," by Esther Jacobs, the story of a singer's life, which caused a great sensation in the Courts of New York; "Celeste," by Elizabeth M. Sutton, a powerful, wonderfully interesting novel, that is being taken about everywhere; "The Strange Disappearance of Eugene Comstocks," by Mrs. Mary R. P. Hatch, author of "The Missing Man," &c., a story that will keep the reader spell-bound; "Caught, a Romance of Three Days," by George Douglas Tallman, author of "Tom's Wife." You will not lay it down until your lamp burns low. The price of each of these books is fifty cents (50,) and they are sent to anyone post paid on receipt of it.

There is scarcely room here in which to speak properly of the Yellow Book, this unique contribution to the literature of the day, which, while affording to its readers the most select styles of essays and stories, demands for itself a peculiar place, by reason of its vast difference from any thing else in its line that has ever been attempted.

The cover is of a glaring yellow color, which, from an æsthetic point of view, is not so attractive as a more neutral or quiet tint might have been. It is used, however, to associate itself with the title, and in doing so serves a useful purpose. It contrasts most vividly, too, with black, and is most useful as a contrast to many of the illustrations which are used. The decorative element in the design of the figure on the front of the cover is changed with every new number. A curious requisite in its illustrations is that they seem to demand real artistic culture on the part of the public, and not to be supplied with any purpose of educating them up to their

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"The New England Conservatory of Music.

BOSTON, Oct. 19, 1894.

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GENTLEMEN:—It is with much pleasure that I express my appreciation of your excellent Pianofortes, which cannot fail to meet with great favor among the best critics. * * * * *

I shall not hesitate to recommend your Pianofortes as being among the most honestly made instruments I have had the pleasure of examining. With best wishes for your continued success, I am,

Very respectfully yours, F. W. HALE, General Manager."

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appreciation. In no one instance does any one of them condescend to what may be called the popular taste.

The term "Letterpress," with which the book describes its contents, is not in keeping with their quality or style; for the word is generally used to mean an inferior kind of writing, while the contributions to the *Yellow Book* are of the very highest excellence. They range among the widest circle of subjects, and include poetry, fiction, short dramatic sketches, and several essays. Their authors are the most prominent writers of the day, whose names in themselves guarantee the excellence of any periodical in which they appear. And when it is said that the illustrations are mostly from the pen of that celebrated artist, Arthur Beardsley, nothing is needed to secure for the book, as a whole, the most enthusiastic admiration and thorough enjoyment by those who are only content with the very best that can be procured in the teeming realms of literature.

The *Yellow Book* is a quarterly, consisting of 360 pages in each number, forming a small library in itself, and most amply repays perusal, from cover to finish. The *Yellow Book*. An Illustrated Quarterly. London: Elkin Matthews & Co., John Lane. Boston: Copeland & Day.

In the new edition of "Matter, Ether, and Motion" the author gives us a complete *résumé* of mechanical principles worked out through all the departments of physics; this book is a striking illustration of the manner in which a complicated and recondite subject can be made plain to the average reader by one who has thoroughly digested it.

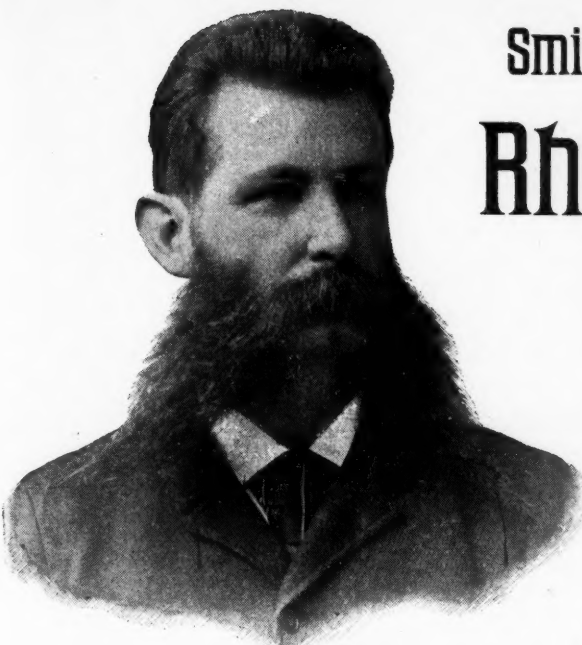
Beginning with Matter, Ether, Motion, and Energy—the factors in all

phenomena—the author shows how they are involved in heat, light, electricity, chemistry and life; and in language free from technical terms, presents a treatise which should be read by all interested in physics, so that they may form logical conclusions on the great subjects discussed. In the treatise, the author brings forward several new physical laws, as for instance on page 75, where the transference of Energy is considered; also on page 309, where sympathetic action is shown to belong to each department of physics.

There are new phenomena, new explanations, and new conclusions, as, when it is shown, how it happens that chemical action cannot go on in the absence of heat; that crystalization is a necessary consequence of the vibration of elastic atoms; that there can be no such thing as Light; how Ether waves are set up by electro-magnetic action, and how all the phenomena of Matter, including itself, may be explained on the assumption that it is a mode of motion of the Ether. Matter, Ether, and Motion, by Prof. A. E. DOLBEAR. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The American Book Company are publishing a series of Monographs on the Physical Features of the Earth's Surface, designed specially for the use of the teachers and pupils of the geography classes in schools.

The main object of the publication is to place within reach of every school in the United States, at a nominal price, accurate and properly correlated geographical information, expressed in such simple, and untechnical language, that it may be used to supplement the regular text-book, and thus enrich the study of geography.



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S. A. D. Sheppard, Apothecary, 1129 Washington St., cor. Dover, Boston.
J. D. Knowlton, Apothecary, Washington St., cor. Worcester, Boston.
F. M. Kennison, Apothecary, cor. E. Brookline and Harrison Ave., Boston.
Harry S. Hardy, Apothecary, 1058 Tremont St., Boston.
Burwell's Pharmacy, cor. Boylston and Park Square, Boston.
Dudley's Pharmacy, 16 and 18 Park Square, Boston.
W. H. Knight Pharmacy, 97 Court St., cor. Hanover, Boston.
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WITH THE PUBLISHER.

This is the initial number of the second volume of the BOSTONIAN, and we regret that by reason of its having required a good length of time to procure and arrange a full new set of type, it is a little late in making its appearance. Valuable things, though, are waited for with patience, and we feel assured that our sales for this month will be far in advance of those preceding. Our subscription list has forged ahead with giant strides, and it is with a proper degree of pride that we now feel sure of having made a safe and permanent entry into the charmed circles of Boston's literary and artistic life.

* * * * *

It will be observed that the continuation of the serial history of the "Progress of the Shoe and Leather Trade in Massachusetts During the Past 275 Years" has been omitted from this number. This omission will be permanent. It arises from the fact that many of our readers have expressed their preference for articles that deal more directly with either the living issues of the day or with the landmarks of our city's distinctive past. The matter that has been prepared on "The Shoe and Leather Trade" will be published in book form, for sale by subscription, among those who are most particularly interested in that department of business. Mr. Henry Bartlett, formerly business manager of the Bostonian will devote his time to the business end of this book.

* * * * *

Our new cover will excite comment. The old one had already

won for itself many friends and admirers, among whom we confess that we numbered ourselves. And we are almost tempted to regret the necessity which has arisen for a change. But we have recently discovered that the design was adapted by the artist to whom we gave our order from one that had for some time been in use by a well-known periodical, prominent and popular in the business world, and that it owed its conception to a source altogether different from that which we had been led to suppose. Under these circumstances we make the only amends in our power by removing it from all connection with our magazine, with a full and free apology to the brilliant artist whose rights of proprietorship have been so needlessly intruded upon.

We hope that our new cover will at once receive that general commendation which is thought to be its due. Competent judges pronounce it as being fully in line with those of our valued contemporaries. The work was done by one of Boston's favorite artists, Mr. John C. Abbott, who has received for it many flattering encomiums, in that he has been faithful in it to one of Boston's patron deities, the Bird of St. Botolph.

* * * * *

Attention is called to the admirable and realistically descriptive pen and ink drawings which accompany the article on the representation of "The Winter's Tale," by the Saturday Morning Club. This style of drawing exhibits far more character than do half-tones and affords an agreeable relief

NEW LIFE



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from the general prevalence of the latter in the pages of most publications. These drawings are made from life, by Mr. John C. Abbott, and afford still another evidence of his ability and skill.

* * * * *

A new departure has been taken in the use of tint blocks which in magazine work is something entirely novel. The background of one color, relieved by another, which is printed over it, brings out in clearer relief all the beauties and the strength of the illustration.

* * * * *

In the second number, which appears in this issue, of the series of articles on the "Necessity for Armories" it will be seen that we have given a full description of the Irvington Street Armory, as being the oldest in the State, together with still life illustrations of many of its apartments, taken by our artist. In the remaining numbers of the series this same plan will be pursued, in compliance with a very general request that has been made by many of the prominent military officers of the State.

* * * * *

There is room in the magazine for short stories, especially for those founded upon the history of Boston's past. In addition to these we will be glad to have any which deal with the public questions of the day, and are in line with the spirit of reform which is now giving new life and strength to our state and national institutions.

* * * * *

With the article which appeared in our last number entitled "The Study of Music in Public Schools,"

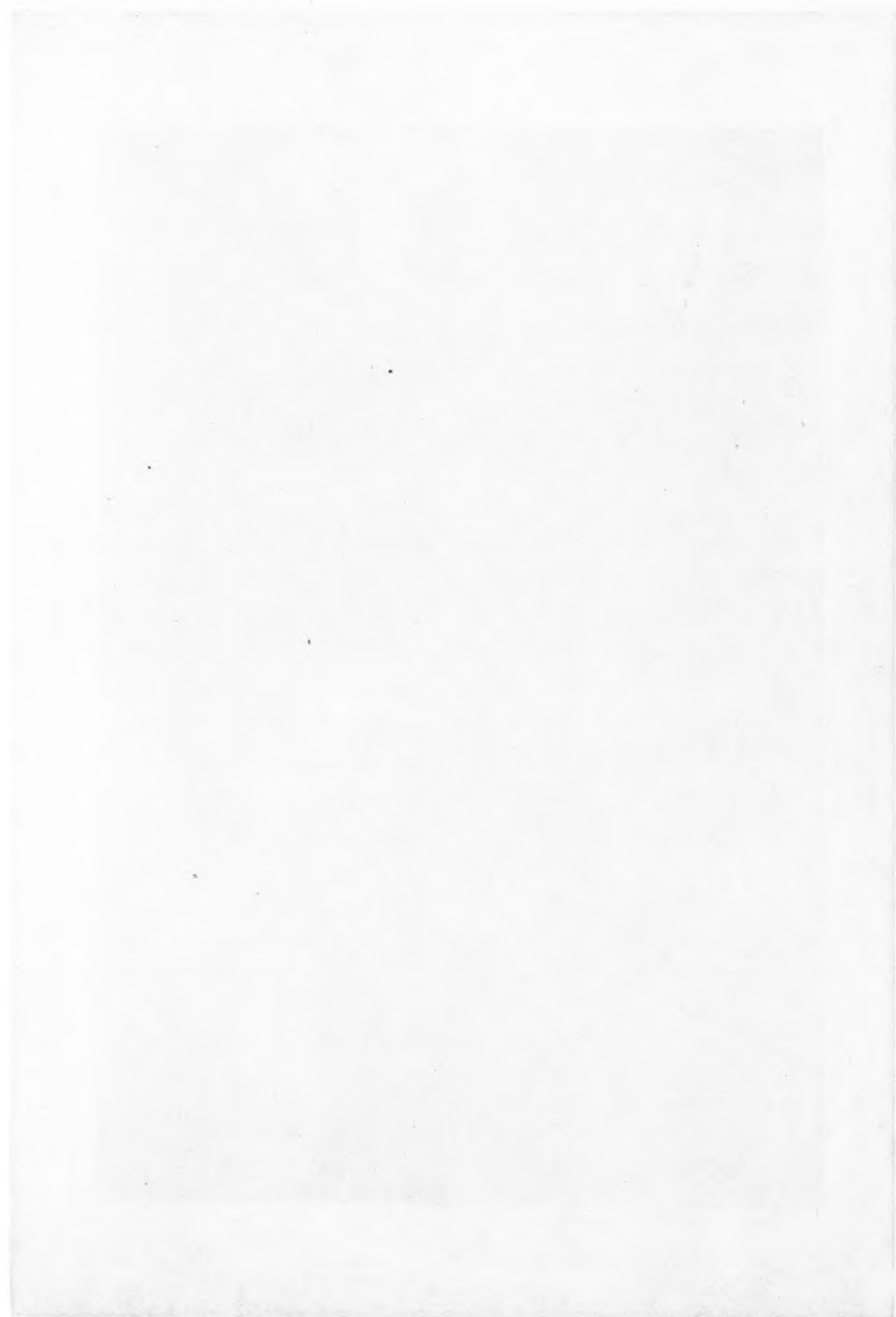
began a series of sketches of Old Boston, which will be peculiarly acceptable to many of our readers. In this number is No. 2 of his series, entitled "The New Land, the Site of the Old Mill Pond in 1827." They are written by a prominent gentleman of this city, who is 76 years of age, and who still takes the liveliest interest in everything calculated to preserve and perpetuate the landmarks of its early days. The pen and ink sketches which accompany the article were designed by him, from memory.

* * * * *

Keeler & Co., whose advertisement will be noticed in this issue, are one of the most reliable business firms in this city. Their goods may be safely purchased on their word. A great number of our leading hotels and private residences have been furnished with rare taste, from their vast establishment. We commend them to the confidence of our patrons.

* * * * *

We wish to call particular attention to the advertisement of Smith & Reynold's Rheumatic Cure and Blood Purifier, on another page. The fact that Mr. L. M. Reynolds' name is connected with the enterprise assures the public of its genuine worth. This formula has been in South Eastern Massachusetts for the past twenty-five years, and as a spring medicine it has no equal. It purifies the blood, cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Rheumatism, and, as a reliable tonic, after an attack of the Grippe, it is excellent. The proprietors refund money in cases when no relief is gained from its use.



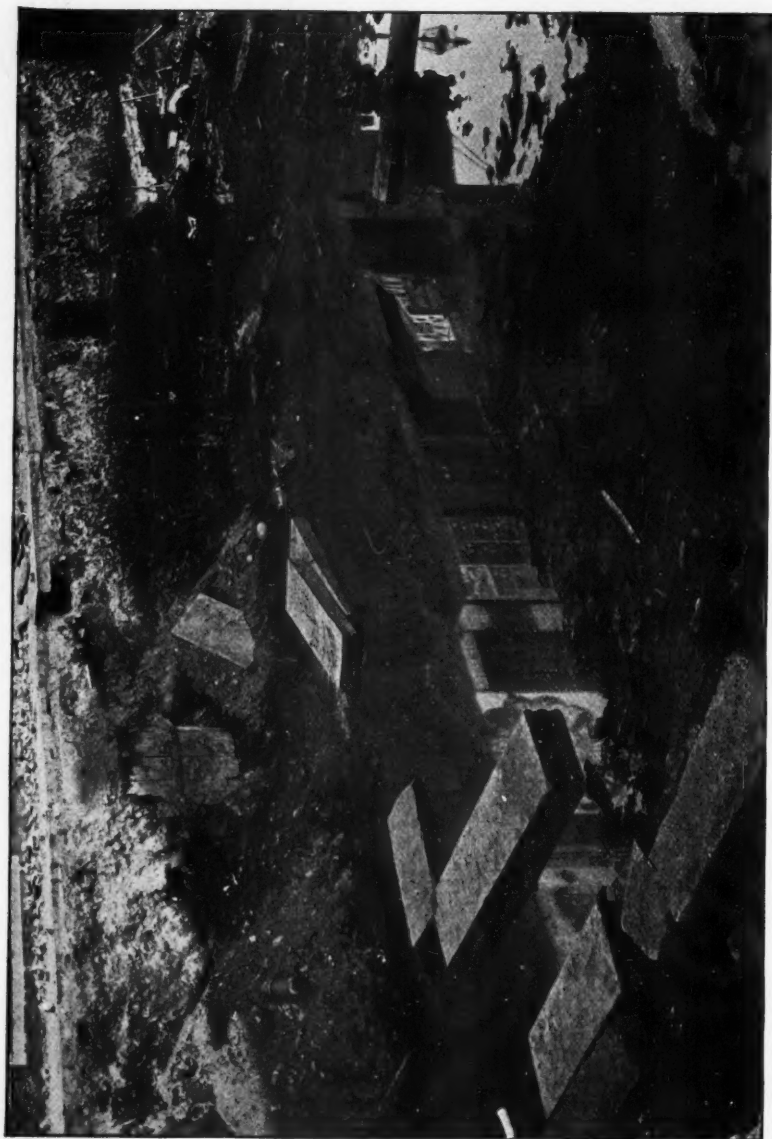


Photo taken April 26.
WOODS' BOSTON MUSEUM. — EXCAVATION SHOWING THE ANCIENT CONDUIT AND SITE OF "BENDALL'S WHARFACE."